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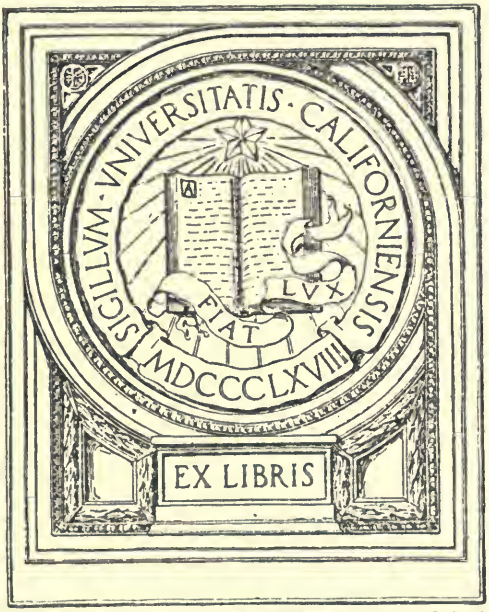

Edgar Hibbert

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

Notes, Historical and Critical.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED BY

JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

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1808.

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EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

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BY MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. GAY, &c.

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MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE.

BY MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. GAY,

&c. &c.

COLLECTED BY

DR. SWIFT AND MR. POPE.

1727.

PREFACE.*

Twickenham, May 27, 1727.

THE papers that compose the first of these volumes were printed about sixteen years ago, to which there are now added two or three small tracts; and the verses are transferred into a volume apart, with the addition of such others as we since have written. The second (and perhaps a third) will consist of several small treatises in prose, in which a friend or two is concerned with us.

Having both of us been extremely ill treated by some booksellers, (especially one Edmund Curll),† it was our opinion that the best method we could take for justifying ourselves, would be to publish whatever loose papers, in prose and verse, we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the world (very much to our regret, and perhaps very little to our credit), but such as in any probability hereafter may run the same fate; having been obtained from us by the importunity, and divulged by the indiscretion of friends, although restrained by pro-

* This "querulous and apologetical preface," Dr. Johnson informs us, was written by Mr. Pope. N.

† See two of the tracts in the present volume. N.

mises, which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a compliment in breaking.

But the consequences have been still worse: we have been entitled, and have had our names prefixed at length, to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good sense, which we never saw nor heard of till they appeared in print.

For a forgery in setting a false name to a writing, which may prejudice another's fortune, the law punishes the offender with the loss of his ears; but has inflicted no adequate penalty for such, as prejudice another's reputation in doing the same thing in print; though all and every individual book, so sold under a false name, are manifestly so many several and multiplied forgeries.

Indeed we hoped, that the good nature, or at least the good judgment of the world, would have cleared us from the imputation of such things, as had been thus charged upon us by the malice of enemies, the want of judgment of friends, the unconcern of indifferent persons, and the confident assertions of booksellers.

We are ashamed to find so ill a taste prevail, as to make it a necessary work to do this justice to ourselves. It is very possible for any author to write below himself: either his subject not proving so fruitful, or fitted for him, as he at first imagined; or his health, or his humour, or the present disposition of his mind, unqualifying him at that juncture: however, if he possessed any distinguishing marks of style, or peculiarity of thinking, there would remain in his least successful

ful writings some few tokens, whereby persons of taste might discover him.

But, since it hath otherwise fallen out, we think we have sufficiently paid for our want of prudence, and determine for the future to be less communicative: or, rather, having done with such amusements, we are resolved to give up what we cannot fairly disown, to the severity of critics, the malice of personal enemies, and the indulgence of friends.

We are sorry for the satire interspersed in some of these pieces upon a few people, from whom the highest provocations have been received, and who by their conduct since have shewn, that they have not yet forgiven us the wrong they did. It is a very unlucky circumstance to be obliged to retaliate the injuries of such authors, whose works are so soon forgotten, that we are in danger already of appearing the first aggressors. It is to be lamented, that Virgil let pass a line, which told posterity he had two enemies called Bavius and Mævius. The wisest way is not once to name them, but (as the madman advised the gentleman, who told him he wore a sword to kill his enemies) to let them alone and they will die of themselves. And according to this rule we have acted throughout all those writings, which we designed for the press: but in these, the publication whereof was not owing to our folly, but that of others, the omission of the names was not in our power. At the worst, we can only give them that liberty now for something, which they have so many years exercised for nothing, of railing and scribbling against us. And it is some commendation,

that we have not done it all this while, but avoided publicly to characterise any person without long experience. *Nonum prematur in annum* is a good rule for all writers of characters; because it may happen to those, who vent praise or censure too precipitately, as it did to an eminent English poet, who celebrated a young nobleman for erecting Dryden's monument upon a promise, which his lordship forgot, till it was done by another.

In regard to two persons only, we wish our raillery, though ever so tender, or resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of sir John Vanbrugh,* who was a man of wit, and of honour; and of Mr. Addison,† whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning.

We cannot deny (and perhaps most writers of our kind have been in the same circumstances) that in several parts of our lives, and according to the dispositions we were in, we have written some things, which we may wish never to have thought on. Some sallies of levity ought to be imputed to youth, (supposed in charity, as it was in truth, to be the time in which we wrote them); others to the gaiety of our minds at certain junctures common to all men. The publishing of these, which we cannot disown, and without our consent, is, I think, a greater injury, than that of ascribing to us the most stupid productions, which we can wholly deny.

This has been usually practised in other coun-

* See vol. XVI. p. 67. N.

† See the Fragment of a Satire, in vol. XIX. N.

tries

tries after a man's decease; which in a great measure accounts for that manifest inequality found in the works of the best authors; the collectors only considering, that so many more sheets raise the price of the book; and the greatest fame a writer is in possession of, the more of such trash he may bear to have tacked to him. Thus it is apparently the editor's interest to insert what the author's judgment had rejected; and care is always taken to intersperse these additions in such a manner, that scarce any book of consequence can be bought, without purchasing something unworthy of the author along with it.

But in our own country it is still worse: those very booksellers, who have supported themselves upon an author's fame while he lived, have done their utmost after his death to lessen it by such practices; even a man's last will is not secure from being exposed in print; whereby his most particular regards, and even his dying tendernesses, are laid open. It has been humorously said, that some have fished the very jakes for papers left there by men of wit: but it is no jest to affirm, that the cabinets of the sick, and the closets of the dead, have been broke open and ransacked to publish our private letters, and divulge to all mankind the most secret sentiments and intercourse of friendship. Nay, these fellows are arrived to that height of impudence, that, when the author has publicly disowned a spurious piece, they have disputed his own name with him in printed advertisments; which has been practised to Mr. Congreve and Mr. Prior.

We are therefore compelled, in respect to truth, to submit to a very great hardship; to own such pieces, as in our stricter judgments we would have suppressed for ever: we are obliged to confess, that this whole collection, in a manner, consists of what we not only thought unlikely to reach the future, but unworthy even of the present age; not our studies, but our follies; not our works, but our idlenesses.

Some comfort however it is, that all of them are innocent, and most of them, slight as they are, had yet a moral tendency; either to soften the virulence of parties against each other; or to laugh out of countenance some vice or folly of the time; or to discredit the impositions of quacks and false pretenders to science; or to humble the arrogance of the ill-natured and envious; in a word, to lessen the vanity, and promote the good humour of mankind.

Such as they are, we must in truth confess, they are ours, and others should in justice believe, they are all that are ours. If any thing else has been printed, in which we really had any hand, it is either intolerably imperfect, or loaded with spurious additions; sometimes even with insertions of men's names, which we never meant, and for whom we have an esteem and respect. Even those pieces, in which we are least injured, have never before been printed from the true copies, or with any tolerable degree of correctness. We declare, that this collection contains every piece, which in the idlest humour we have written; not only such, as came under our review or correction; but many others,

which,

which, however unfinished, are not now in our power to suppress. Whatsoever was in our own possession at the publishing hereof, or of which no copy was gone abroad, we have actually destroyed, to prevent all possibility of the like treatment.

These volumes likewise will contain all the papers, wherein we have casually had any share; particularly those written in conjunction with our friends, Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay; and lastly, all this sort composed singly by either of those hands. The reader is therefore desired to do the same justice to these our friends, as to us; and to be assured that all the things, called our Miscellanies (except the works of Alexander Pope, published by B. Lintot, in quarto and folio, in 1717; those of Mr. Gay, by J. Tonson, in quarto, in 1720; and as many of these Miscellanies as have been formerly printed by Benj. Tooke) are absolutely spurious, and without our consent imposed upon the public.

JONATH. SWIFT.
ALEX. POPE.

ADVERTISEMENT TO A FOURTH VOLUME; 1729.

OF the following volume we need only say, that it contains the remainder of those Miscellaneous Pieces, which were in some sort promised in the Preface to the former volumes, or which have been written since. The Verses are paged separately, that they may be added to that volume, which wholly consists of Verse, and the Treatise of the Bathos placed in their stead in this. The reader may be assured no other Edition is either genuine or complete, and that they are all the things of this kind which will ever be printed by the same hands. There are in this volume, as in the former, one or two small pieces by other hands.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIFTH AND SIXTH VOLUMES; 1736.

AS most of this Author's Writings have been already published in "The Drapier's Letters," "Gulliver's Travels," and the four volumes of "Miscellanies," printed for Messieurs Motte and Gulliver, it would have been injurious to the English buyer, as well as proprietor, to have reprinted here the Dublin edition of his Works. We are therefore only to assure both, that these two volumes consist of such pieces as are NOT in the fore-mentioned volumes, but, excepting three Tatlers, contain every thing in the Dublin edition besides.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

THE ART OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1727.

The learned Mr. Upton has made an ingenious remark on the title of this piece. "'Tis pleasant enough to consider how the change of a single letter has often led learned commentators into mistakes; and a Π, being accidentally altered into a B, in a Greek Rhetorician, gave occasion to one of the best pieces of satire that was ever written in the English language, viz. ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ; a treatise concerning the Art of Sinking in Poetry. The blunder I mean is in the second section of Longinus: ΕΙ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΥΨΟΥΣ ΤΙΣ Η ΒΑΘΟΥΣ ΤΕΧΝΗ, instead of ΠΑΘΟΥΣ; a most ridiculous blunder, which has occasioned as ridiculous criticisms." Observations on Shakespeare, p. 256.

M. De Larchet, the translator of Herodotus, gave a French translation also of this Life of Scriblerus. It is easy to imagine that the humour has evaporated in a French translation.

The blunder relating to the word *παῖς*, reminds one of a most egregious mistake of Rapin the critic, whose knowledge of Greek has been much questioned. Relating a story of Euphranor the painter, he says, "Apion has related it." Having read the story in Eustathius; who says, *απιων εγραψεν*; which meant, that Euphranor, hearing a description of Jupiter read in Homer, "went away and painted it."

Dr. Warton.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN "The Art of Sinking in Poetry" was inserted in the "Miscellanies" published in 1727, it was accompanied by the following note: MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, though of German extraction, was born in England. See his Life and Memoirs, which will shortly be published."

From whatever cause the delay arose, those "Memoirs" were not given to the public till the year 1740, when Dr. Arbuthnot had been five years dead, and the faculties of Dr. Swift were rapidly declining; and even then one book alone was produced; a considerable part of which was undoubtedly the production of Arbuthnot, though in other parts the inimitable pen of the DEAN is undoubtedly to be traced.

But on this head we shall transcribe the sentiments of successive commentators.

"Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning; and, to make it the better received, proposed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire) under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had observed that those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded, therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken

quicken their disgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our Author and his friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their design, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of The First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Moral satire * never lost more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they all had in equal measure, and in a measure so large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom Nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom Art had brought it to higher perfection." Bp. WARBURTON.

"The *Memoirs of Scriblerus* extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the *Scriblerus Club.* Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a ficti-

* In the early editions this was *polite letters.* N.

tious

tious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters. If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned: he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away; he cures diseases that were never felt. For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read it has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it. The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to Don Quixotte, there will be found in it particular imitations of the History of Mr. Ouffle. Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his travels; and with these the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed." Dr. JOHNSON.

"The life of the solemn and absurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, of which Johnson speaks too contemptuously, and says it is taken from the History of Ouffle, is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the serious and pompous manner of Cervantes; for it is not easy to say, why Fielding should call his Joseph An-

drews,* excellent as it is, an imitation of his manner. Don Quixotte is in truth the most original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes consists in having painted his mad hero with such a number of amiable qualities, as to make it impossible for us totally to despise him. This light and shade in drawing characters shews the master. It is thus Addison has represented his Sir Roger, and Shakespeare his Falstaff. How great must be the native force of Cervantes's humour, when it can be embellished by readers, even unacquainted with Spanish manners, with the institution of chivalry, and with the many passages of old romances and Italian poems, to which it perpetually alludes. There are three or four celebrated works that bear a great resemblance, and have a turn of satire similar to that of these Memoirs; The Barbon of Balsac; The Life of Montmaur, by Menage and others; the Chef d'Ouvre d'un Inconnu of Mathanase; and La Charlatanerie des Sevans of Menken.

"Whatever may be determined of other parts of these Memoirs, yet the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters, appear to be the production of Arbuthnot; as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science, with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of

* Joseph Andrews was written to ridicule Richardson's Pamela, and the publication gave Richardson considerable chagrin. Bowles.

his

his reading. The rich vein of humour, which, like a vein of mercury runs through these Memoirs, is much heightened and increased by the great variety of learning which they contain. It is a fact in literary history worth observing, and which deserves to be more attended to than I think it usually is, that the chief of those who have excelled in exquisite works of art and humour, have at the same time been men of extensive learning. We may instance in Lucian, Cervantes, Quevedo, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler, above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than Hudibras." Dr. WARTON.

That the reader may form his own judgment of these Memoirs, the Introduction originally prefixed to them shall be copied at large, and the contents of the several chapters; referring for further particulars to the Works of Mr. Pope, as published respectively by Bp. Warburton, Dr. Warton, and Mr. Bowles.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MEMOIRS OF SCRIBLERUS.

IN the reign of Queen Anne (which, notwithstanding those happy * times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou mayst possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: all this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say;

* Ironical. BOWLES.

but

but his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a Jesuit, took him for one, and others believed him some High Priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefitting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the queen or her first minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the queen's ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which

my servant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly conceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixt attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English as follows:

"Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the Stars and my Art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which is to manifest MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, but a very coy mistress: watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her through her labyrinths and meanders. My

first

first vital air I drew in this island (a soil fruitful of philosophers); but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes.* I have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind express against those who are possessed of the *Arcanum Magnum.* But at present I am forced to take sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago in the city of Madrid, in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a Lady who was marked with a pomegranate upon the inside of her right thigh, which blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who finding some letters I had written to the duenna, containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the purity of my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been pursued, dogged, and waylaid through several nations, and even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls of this palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand

phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by means of some British ship (whose colours no Spaniard dare approach),* I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom Fate has marked for my Historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the Queen's Ministry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his conversation, he has for some years continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his strictures on the Dunciad: since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered

* The nation had long been impatient for a war with Spain; all the aggressions, insolencies, and threats of that power were exaggerated by those who wished to inflame the passions of the people. At length war was declared in 1739, which shews the time this Introduction was written. The Memoirs were begun, in conjunction with Swift and Arbuthnot, in the time of queen Anne. BOWLES.

region

region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life, and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

CONTENTS OF THE MEMOIRS.

Chap.

1. Of the parentage and family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what prodigies attended his birth.
2. The speech of Cornelius over his son, at the hour of his birth.*
3. Shewing what befell the *Doctor's son* and his shield, on the day of the christening.
4. Of the suction and nutrition of the great Scriblerus in his infancy, and of the first rudiments of his learning.
5. A dissertation upon playthings.†

* Most happily copied by Sterne, that true disciple of Swift. Dr. WARTON.

† Dr. Arbuthnot used to say, that notwithstanding all the boasts of the safe conveyance of tradition, it was no where preserved pure and incorrupt but among schoolboys, whose games and plays are handed down invariably the same, from one generation to another. Dr. WARTON.

6. Of

Chap.

6. Of the gymnastics; in what exercises Martinus was educated; something concerning music; and what sort of a man his uncle was.
7. Rhetoric, Logic, Metaphysics.
8. Anatomy.
9. How Martinus became a great critic.*
10. Of Martinus's uncommon practice of physic; and how he applied himself to the diseases of the times.
11. The case of a young nobleman at court, with the Doctor's prescription for the same.
12. How Martinus endeavoured to find out the seat of the soul, and of his correspondence with the Freethinkers †.
13. The Double Mistress.
14. ‡ Of the secession of Martinus; and some hints of his Travels.

It was in the year 1699, that Martin set out

* In this chapter occurs the following passage: "He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence. The specimen on Virgil he has given us. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of *Richard Bentley* and *Francis Hare*." On which Dr. Warton observes, "Sir Isaac Newton, it is said, spoke with much contempt (but surely without just grounds) of these two accomplished scholars and critics, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play-book." N.

† This whole chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments against Clarke, to prove the soul to be only a quality. Bp. Warburton.

‡ This chapter is so pointedly allusive to the Dean, that the whole of it shall be inserted.

on

on his *Travels.** Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first voyage he was carried, by a prosperous storm, to a discovery of the remains of the ancient *Pygmaean* empire.

That in his second, he was as happily shipwrecked on the land of the *giants*, now the most humane people in the world.†

That in his third voyage, he discovered a whole

* It is very acutely and justly observed by Mr. Cambridge, in the Preface to his Scribleriad, that it was surprising Mr. Pope should make his Scriblerus so complicated a character as he represents him towards the end of his Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, such is his lust of loading this character, that he declares Gulliver's Travels to be the Travels of Scriblerus; and this without any other pretence, than that Swift had once designed to write the Travels of Scriblerus. What reasons induced him to change this work of humour, to a particular gratification of his spleen, it is not to the present purpose to make known; but this is certain, that when he made so total an alteration in his design, he took care not to give one feature of Scriblerus to his Gulliver. Dr. WARTON.

† Is it not a fact, that the more intimate knowledge we acquire of the character of rude nations, the less cruel they appear. The Moors, Turks, Malays, Arabians, are cruel from their fanaticism, jealousy, and peculiar superstitions. The most barbarous nations have an idea of their *own great superiority*, but this is inoffensive. The Caffrés have been thought the most bloody people in the world, and yet how humane have they been found to those who have been cast upon their shores! The same, respecting their humanity, may be said of the most miserable and persecuted race, the Esquimaux. "Savage nations," as they are called, are frequently, in this respect, much more "sinned against, than sinning." BOWLES.

kingdom

kingdom of *philosophers*, who govern by the *mathematics*; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious ministers of *Queen Anne*, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth voyage he discovers a vein of melancholy proceeding to almost a disgust of his species; but above all, a mortal detestation to the whole flagitious race of *ministers*, and a final resolution not to give in any *memorial* to the *secretary of state*, in order to subject the lands he discovered to the *crown* of *Great Britain*.

Now if, by these hints, the reader can help himself to a further discovery of the nature and contents of these Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they can afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall see such very extraordinary voyages, into such very extraordinary nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a philosopher, a politician, and a legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a *surgeon of a ship*, or a *captain* of a *merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall further observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial *love* of *mankind*, that inviolable *regard* to *truth*, that *passion* for his *dear country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent princess Queen *Anne*; surely that man deserves to be pitied, if by all those

those visible signs and characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the great *Scriblerus*.

Chap.

15. Of the discoveries and works of the great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.*

* Among the qualifications attributed to Scriblerus, is the following, particularly appropriate to Swift: "In politics, his writings are of a peculiar cast, for the most part ironical, and the drift of them often so profound and delicate as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far, as to write a persuasive to people to eat their own children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part." N.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CHAP I.

INTRODUCTION.

IT hath been long (my dear countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprise, that whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators, have compiled and digested the art of ancient poesy, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is universally known, that our every way industrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or sublime; no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our βάθος, or profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, make use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally heighth and depth. Wherefore considering, with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous, but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand,

hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true modern poesy! When you consider (my dear countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture; there are two reflections, which administer great occasion of surprise; the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require, that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not, but we shall shortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.*

Therefore

* Notwithstanding Pope's great acknowledged superiority, he was certainly sore at any *encouragement* given to those who were so much beneath him in station and talents: but Stephen Duck looked up to Pope as the most eminent poet, and this disarmed Pope from treading on humble Duck himself: his spleen was directed against the *queens*, and *lords*, and *ladies*, who patronized

Therefore to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art, into regular institutes from the example and practice of the deep geniuses of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia:* and in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws, though they might be good, have ever been slackly executed; and their precepts, however strict, obeyed only by fits and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace.† These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which, (thank our stars) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice, that we have to complain of; for, though it is evident that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their

nized him. The court, indeed, were willing Duck should be considered as a sort of rival to Pope, who was pre-eminent; and Swift in a lofty tone, says, "May such a court have always such poets to celebrate it!" I forget the exact words; he meant Duck and Cibber. Bowles.

* Longinus. Bowles.

† This might be truly said of Pope and his party, who having certainly possessed at the time, the fountain-head of Helicon, seemed to be angry that any one else should presume to come to the same stream, however *far below*. Bowles.

territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cartloads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see, in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended toward us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally necessary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt new models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cælo* from us.

CHAP. II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE taste of the bathos is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man; till perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to relish the sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only

only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence; and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind, which diverts and instructs the greatest number, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry; we shall find those, who have a taste of the sublime, to be very few; but the profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed, our wise authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt, et delectare poëtæ.

Their true design is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: from whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the present state. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets as bad ones?

Nevertheless, in making gain * the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuses of rank or fortune from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim; that poetry is a natural or morbid secretion from the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature, past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and no question, was much the better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *nascimur poëtæ*. Therefore is the desire of writing properly

* Did not Pope make "*gain* the end of his art!"
Suis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes. BOWLES.

termed

termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty of the brain," and the person is said to conceive; now, such as conceive, must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in ballads and sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into pamphlets and speeches for and against the ministry: nay, I know not, but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a minister himself.

It is therefore manifest, that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a maxim, upon the single authority of Horace.* Why should the golden mean, and quintessence of all virtues, be deemed so offensive in this art? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

* ——— ——— Mediocribus esse poetis
Non dii, non homines, &c. ——— Pope.

However, far be it from me to compare these writers with those great spirits, who are born with a *vivacité de pesanteur,* or (as an English author calls it) an "alacrity of sinking;"* and who by strength of nature alone can excel. All I mean, is, to evince the necessity of rules to these lesser geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

WE come now to prove, that there is an art of sinking in poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making ditches, as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of singular use in making him longwinded, assisting his descent, and furnishing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the authors of antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true profund, as in the true sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had

* Spoken by Falstaff of himself in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." H.

been

been imagined of that, as now of this; namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant, that to excel in the bathos a genius is requisite; yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man, who is among the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere; to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task, unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the bathos as with small beer,* which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The sublime of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, &c. The profund of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

* The same simile is repeated in the Dunciad. Dr. WARTON.

CHAP. V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

AND I will venture to lay it down as the first maxim, and corner-stone of this our art, that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common sense*.* His business must be to contract the true *goût de travers*; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals; and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by head or tail, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end; which is, to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprise by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. HOR.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And

* This is too strongly expressed: directly, and without palliation and disguise, to recommend absurdity is false writing, and unnatural to a great degree; so also is the beginning of the tenth chapter. Dr. WARTON.

since

since the great art of poetry is to mix truth with fiction,* in order to join the credible with the surprising, our author shall produce the credible, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity; and the surprising, by contradicting common opinion. In the very same manner he will affect the marvellous; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time form a complete body of modern ethics and morality.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world hath long been weary of natural things. How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of harlequins and magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheelbarrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be;† how are they struck with transport and delight! which can only be imputed to this cause, that each ob-

* Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet." HORACE.

† Alluding to Rich and Cibber's Pantomimes. Yet these, perhaps, may be considered innocent, as well as pleasant, in comparison of some of our dramatic entertainments; they do not make vice virtue, and virtue vice; they do not dress up what passion the author pleases, in the tawdry and fascinating ornaments of unnatural sentiment, nor describe hyperbolical benevolence, amiable adultery, heroic robbery, or sublime prostitution; which is more than we can say of the German dramatists. BOWLES.

ject

ject is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and anti-natural way of thinking, to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely below it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lute-string, or a child's mantle.

> The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
> Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,
> The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,
> And all around their starry mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a tempest, he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner;

> The ocean, joyed to see the tempest fled,
> New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.†

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels at the creation of the universe present to his imagination "the rejoicings on the lord mayor's day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating their Creator, by huzzaing, making

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42. † P. 14.

N. B. In order to do justice to these great poets, our citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct editions of their works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition revised. POPE.

illumi-

illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets.

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order placed,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwellings graced.
Through all the enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw,
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.*

If a man, who is violently fond of wit, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the bathos, should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant deacon invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence.

Look down, blest saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray.————†

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus:

Thus have I seen in Araby the blest,
A phœnix couch'd upon her funeral nest.‡

* Prince Arthur, p. 50.

† Ambrose Philips on the death of queen Mary. WARBURTON.

‡ Anon. WARTON.

But

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius prompted by this laudable zeal is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all beings is represented in the following images.

First he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvass, where
His pencil, dipt in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the sight.*

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightning, and distils his rain.†

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd.‡

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the sunbeams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.||

---

* Blackmore, opt. edit. duod. 1716, p 172.

The gravity of the solemn pedant Scriblerus is not at all kept up in this piece. His criticisms are not any more in character than the Travels of Gulliver, erroneously asserted to be part of the plan intended to be pursued by Pope, Arbuthnot, and Swift. No man ever attempted so many epic poems as Blackmore; and few have written so many verses, except perhaps Lopez de Vega, who is said to have produced in all 21,316 verses. Dr. WARTON.

† Blackmore, Ps. civ. p. 263. ‡ P. 75. || P. 170.

None of these images are more absurd than where Dryden

Now

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee. *

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes,
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate. †

In the following lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air. ‡

Then a FULLER.

——————— th' exhaling reeks, that secret rise,
Borne on rebounding sunbeams through the skies,

---

says, in the 281st stanza of his Annus Mirabilis, that the Almighty having looked down for some time on the fire of London, at last claps an extinguisher upon it:

"An hollow crystal pyramid he takes
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove."

But another passage in Dryden is carried to a still greater length of profaneness and absurdity in his Hind and Panther; who speaks thus of the Creator:

"The divine Blacksmith in th' abyss of light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
He blew the bellows, and stirr'd up the coals;
Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden,
Knead up with unskimm'd milk this reasoning pudding."

Dr. WARTON.

* Blackmore, p. 70. † P. 61. ‡ P. 181.

Are-

Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heavenly fleece * ———————

A Mercer, or Packer.

Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of Æther to unfold;
Say, which cœrulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd? †

A Butler.

He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill. ‡

And a Baker.

|| God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread. §

CHAP.

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* P. 18. † Psal. p. 174. ‡ P. 131.

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnson strangely asserts that Pope might have learnt the art of reasoning in verse, exemplified in the Poem on Creation; but Ambrose Philips related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in this poem, communicated it from time to time to a club of wits, his associates, and that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or correction; so that there are perhaps no where in the book thirty lines together that now stand as they were originally written. Dr. Warton.

|| Blackmore, Song of Moses, p. 218.

§ There is nothing so offensive to taste as the *mixture* of *sublime* and *vulgar* imagery; but there are very few poets who stand clear of it: Virgil has a simile of a Top; Homer his Jack-ass; Dryden, Cowley, and indeed all our early writers, abound in this false *imagery*. It seems indifferent, whether they *pursue a metaphor* drawn from the *sun*, or from a *candle*; witness Dryden's description of the fire of London, &c. Milton has himself been, in some passages, too little attentive to this impropriety; in general, his great mind naturally embraced worthy and lofty illustration; but if a meaner illustration suggested itself, he did not pause to reject it. So in the exquisite Comus:

O thievish

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUSES IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not, but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the bathos is an art, and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the father of the bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity

> O thievish night,
> Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
> In thy *dark lantern* thus close up the stars,
> That *Nature hung* in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
> With everlasting *oil?* &c.

Pope is in general very prone in this respect; indeed, such is the present taste and good sense, that, as T. Warton observes, "almost every writer avoids such palpable absurdities; but in the present age, had Comus been written, we should not perhaps have had the greatest beauties of its wild and romantic imagery." In fact, avoiding faults, is *one thing*; creating beauties, *another*.

BOWLES.

copied

copied a smallpox, or been admirable at a toad or a redherring: and seldom are we without geniuses for still-life, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

A universal genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six epic poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian,* that the same genius, which made Germanicus so great a general, would, with equal application, have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.†

1. The

* In a fine passage of the tenth book: "Germanicum Augustum ab institutis studiis deflexit cura terrarum; parumque diis visum est esse eum maximum poetarum." Dr. WARTON.

† This was the chapter which gave so much offence, and excited such loud clamours against our author by his introduction of these

1. The Flying Fishes: these are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H.* C. G.†

2. The Swallows are authors, that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T.‡ W. P. Lord H.‖

3. The Ostriches are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E.§ the hon. E. H.⊥

4. The Parrots are they, that repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W B. W. S. C. C.** the reverend D. D.

these initial letters, which he in vain asserted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers; which was not believed. These initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up.

Dr. WARTON.

* By a letter from Mr. Pope to Aaron Hill, (printed in Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 553) it appears that Mr. Hill took these initial letters to be meant of himself; "though every letter in the alphabet" (Mr. Pope says) "was put in the same manner: and in truth (except some few) those letters were set at random, to occasion, what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know." We are afraid that many of the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope will be inclined to doubt this peremptory assertion. N.

† Charles Gildon. BOWLES. ‡ Tibbald. BOWLES. ‖ Lord Hervey. BOWLES. § Laurance Eusden. BOWLES. ⊥ Hon. Edw. Howard, called in the Dunciad, "High-born Howard." BOWLES. ** Colley Cibber. BOWLES.

5. The Didappers are authors, that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then, where you least expected them. L. W.* G. D.† esq the hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D.‡ C. G.‖ I. O.§

7. The Frogs are such, as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration; they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise, whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W.⸸ I. M.** esq. T. D.†† gent.

8. The Eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W.‡‡ L. T.‖‖ P. M.§§ General C.

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P.⸸⸸ W. B.*† L. E. The right hon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the bathos, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

* Leonard Welsted. Bowles.
† George Ducket. Bowles.
‡ John Dennis. Bowles.
‖ Charles Gildon. Bowles.
§ John Oldmixon. Bowles.
⸸ Edward Ward. Bowles.
** James Moore. Bowles.
†† Thomas Ducket. Bowles.
‡‡ Leonard Welsted. Bowles.
‖‖ Tibbald. Bowles.
§§ Peter Motteux. Bowles.
⸸⸸ Ambrose Philips. Bowles.
*† William Broome. Bowles.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

WE have already laid down the principles, upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that vulgar conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question, but the garret or the printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort, should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.*

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, † and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a triticalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect bathos by the most elaborate low expression: it can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But, it is the

* Pope, as Johnson observed, seems to take delight in things physically impure. Bowles.

† It would be unpardonable not to censure such images and expressions. Dr. Warton.

thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath waters:

> She drinks! she drinks! behold the matchless dame!
> To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
> Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
> And the same stream at once both cools and burns. *

What can be more easy and unaffected, than the diction of these verses? It is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprise us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justice it ought) goes still deeper:

> Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,
> And thought herself just risen from the waves. †

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady!

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frighted stag in a full chace, who, saith the poet—

> Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
> And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore. ‡

So

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* Anonymous. † Idem.

‡ Dr. Ridley told Mr. Steevens that Mr. Spence informed him, these lines were originally in "Windsor Forest," as Pope had acknowledged to him: and that when Spence had published the first part of his Essay on the Odyssey, Pope immediately introduced himself, and entreated for better treatment in the second.—Mr. Spence also informed Dr. Warton that this passage, and many other ridiculous ones, in this treatise, were quoted from our poet's own early pieces, particularly his epic poem, called Alcander. So sensible of its own errors and imperfections is a mind truly great.

—When

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itself.

None but himself can be his parallel. *

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters of the picture of his elephant,

This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However, our next instance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant:

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he!
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and lastly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a poet, that shines forth amid a circle of critics;

Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monsters rises into day.

—When Voltaire first brought on the stage his Mariamne, 1722, in which Herod gave her a cup of poison, the parterre cried out, "La Reine boit," and the play was damned. N.

* Theobald, Double Falsehood.

It is a little remarkable that this line of Theobald, which is thought to be the masterpiece of absurdity, is evidently copied from a line of Seneca, in the Hercules Furens:

"—— Quæris Alcidæ parem,
Nemo est nisi Ipse——" Dr. WARTON.

What a peculiarity is here of invention! The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in its way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded, that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters: there were only the centaur and the maid, that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters, he made so.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES: AND IN AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their choosing and separating such circumstances in a description, as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar: but those that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all preserve a laudable prolixity; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image

image to view. For, choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently the worst consequence of all to our author.

Job says in short, he washed his feet in butter; a circumstance some poets would have softened, or passed over: now hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius.

> With teats distended with their milky store,
> Such numerous lowing herds before my door,
> Their painful burden to unload did meet,
> That we with butter might have washed our feet. *

How cautious and particular! "He had," says our author, "so many herds, which herds thrived so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have washed his feet in it."

The ensuing description of Hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances.

> In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
> Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
> The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
> Some deeply red and others faintly blue. †

Could the most minute Dutch painter have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

> His eyeballs burn, he wounds the smoking plain,
> And knots of scarlet riband deck his mane. ‡

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* Blackmore, Job, p. 133.

† Prince Arthur, p. 89. ‡ Anonymous.

Of certain Cudgel-players.

They brandish high in air their threat'ning staves,
Their hands a woven guard of ozier saves,
In which they fix their hazel weapon's end. *

Who would not think the poet had past his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a cudgel!

Periphrase † is another great aid to prolixity; being a diffused circumlocutory manner of expressing

* Prince Arthur, p 197.

† It is to be lamented that our author himself has furnished too many examples of improper Periphrase and Amplification in his translations of Homer. Of a Tripod set on the fire he says, (Odyssey, b. viii.):

" The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze."

Of a person wearied:

" —— Lost in lassitude be all the man;
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death."

Of shutting a door, (b. i.):

" The bolt obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valve.

Of a sword, (b. viii.):

" —— Whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.

These, and a number of other lines that might be added, are instances of the false-florid and over-laboured ornament, directly contrary to the simplicity and energy of Homer. At the same time

pressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is, that the author can possibly mean; and a strange surprise, when he finds it.

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in his figure.

> A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
> And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed. *

Here is a waving sea of heads, which by a fresh stream of heads grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a great crowd.

How pretty and how genteel is the following!

> Nature's confectioner ——
> Whose suckets are moist alchemy:
> The still of his refining mould
> Minting the garden into gold. †

What is this but a bee gathering honey?

> Little Syren of the stage,
> Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
> Wanton gale of fond desire,
> Tuneful mischief, vocal spell. ‡——

---

time it ought to be observed, that he was betrayed into this turgid, forced, and figurative language, by the difficulty of translating Homer into rhyme; for he never falls into this fault in his other works, which are remarkable for purity and brevity of style. "C'est une belle chose (says Corneille, with his amiable frankness in one of his prefaces) que de faire vers puissans & majestueux; cette pompe ravit d'ordinaire les esprits, & pour le moins les éblouit: mais il faut que les sujets en fassent naitre les occasions." Clitandre, p. 108. Dr. WARTON.

* Job, p. 78.

† Cleveland. ‡ Ambrose Philips to Cuzzona.

Who

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman, that sung finely?

We may define amplification to be making the most of a thought: it is the spinning-wheel of the bathos, which draws out and spreads it into the finest thread. There are amplifiers, who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the size of a primer.

In the book of Job are these words, "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age?

> Canst thou set forth th' ethereal mines on high,
> Which the refulgent ore of light supply?
> Is the celestial furnace to thee known,
> In which I melt the golden metal down?
> Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast,
> As all my stars and lavish suns can waste. *

The same author has amplified a passage in the civth psalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

> The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
> Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
> The woods with terror wing'd outfly the wind,
> And leave the heavy, panting hills behind. †

You

---

* Job, p. 108. † Job, p 267.

There are rather too many examples, however apposite they may be, taken from Blackmore alone. The Job of Sandys does not seem to be admired and known, in a degree equal to its merits. Harte told me how highly Pope thought of it. The versification is

You here see the hills not trembling, but shaking off woods from their backs, to run the faster: after this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent pursy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their own way, is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth, whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Eusden of Blackmore? Therefore when we sit down to write, * let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question; "How would Sir Richard have said this? do I

is equal to that of Waller. There is great force and energy in Young's Paraphrase on part of the book of Job. Dr. WARTON.

* An admirable Parody on the Fourteenth Section of Longinus, when he advises the writer to ask himself, whilst he is composing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes, have expressed themselves on this subject?" Dr. WARTON.

ex-

express myself as simply as Ambrose Philips ? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted?"*

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets, who have excelled in the sublime: yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold ; so may our author read Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, † when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of Etna in the third Æneid ?

——Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit :‡

Interdum

* A writer not so totally contemptible. See his Works, published by Mr. Nichols, with a defence of several of his pieces, 8vo. 1787. Dr. Warton.

† Here again a bare-faced absurdity is recommended without palliation, which is false and unnatural writing.

‡ These two words, after he had said " Attollitque globos flammarum,"

Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a fit of the colic.

Etna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage; and roaring out complain,
As torn with inward gripes, and tort'ring pain:
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,
And with their melted bowels spread the ground.*

Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars; † but Empedocles, to fathom

marum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be called bombast and supertragical, ὑπερβαγικα, says Longinus, but παρατραγωδα.

Perhaps we have not in our language a more striking example of a true turgid expression and genuine fustian and bombast, than in the following lines of Nat Lee's Alexander the Great, who is introduced saying,

"When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the shore;
When the Immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God!"

Is it to be conceived that Dr. Warburton affirmed, in a long note on the First Epistle of Horace, b. ii. that "these six lines contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint?" I thought that a note which contained so outrageous a paradox, and so totally inconsistent with true taste and solid judgment, ought not to be retained. Dr. Warton.

* Prince Arthur, p. 75. † "Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

And

thom the profund, threw himself into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there from this description?

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is, when we force to our own purposes the thought of others; the second, consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the style of Shakespeare, wherein the resemblance lay in one single line.

And so good morrow t'ye, good master lieutenant.*

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, *nevertheless* was constantly *nathless*, † *embroidered* was *broidered*, *hermits* were *eremites*, *disdained 'sdeigned*, *shady umbrageous*, *enterprise emprize*, *pagan paynim*, *pinions pennons*, *sweet dulcet*, *orchards orchats*, *bridge-work pontifical*; nay *her* was *hir*, and *their* was *thir*, through the whole poems. And in very deed, there is no other way, by which the true modern poet could read to any purpose the works of such men, as Milton and Shakespeare.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I

And so did the writer of the following lines, in a well-known Tragedy:

"Should the fierce North, upon his frozen wings,
Bear him aloft above the wandering clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariot,
Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures."

* A line of his friend Rowe. BOWLES.

† He alluded particularly to Philip's Cyder, of which he often expressed a strong disapprobation, and particularly on account of these antiquated words. He often quoted the following line as not English:

"Administer their tepid genial airs." Cyder, b. ii.

should

should next speak of the passions: but as the main end and principal effect of the bathos is to produce tranquillity of mind (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the emollients and opiates of poesy; of the cool, and the manner of producing it; or of the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the cool, as the use of wit in expressing passion; the true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper similes on such occasions: this we may term the pathetic epigrammatical, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent transports.

But, as it is sometimes needful to excite the passions of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that to move anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move love, of bawdry; to beget favour and friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the state. As for shame, it is a silly passion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND REVERSING FIGURES.

BUT we proceed to the figures. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the abuse of speech. They ought to lay down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head, which distinguishes all writers of this kind: or (as I may say) to refer exactly the mould, in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such figures,* but we shall content our-

* Another figure which greatly contributes to the Bathos might here be added, which Longinus, in his third section, calls the Parenthyrsus; a kind of violence and emotion, ill-timed and out of season, and disproportioned to the subject; into which good writers, nay Horace himself, is said to have fallen. When he says, that "even as the most superb and useful monuments of human skill and regal magnificence, the making new ports, the draining of marshes, the altering the course of rivers, the building moles, and other vast and expensive works, alter and decay; so do words and current expressions:

"Debemur morti nos nostraque—
——Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax."

"The objects by which this decay of words are illustrated are too large and important for the occasion." Hor. Art of Poetry, l. 63. See Blondell's Comparison of Horace and Pindar.

Dr. Warton.

selves

selves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the bathos, under three classes.

I. The variegating, confounding, or reversing tropes and figures.

II. The magnifying, and

III. The diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names: but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the bathos, as the

Catachresis.

A master of this will say,
"Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sleeve."

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind, as to the eye, when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a rasor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the bathos is,

The Metonymy,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.

Lac'd in her Cosins * new appeared the bride,
A Bubble-boy † and Tompion ‡ at her side,
And with an air divine her Colmar || ply'd:
Then O! she cries, what slaves I round me see!
Here a bright Red-coat, there a smart §Toupée.⁂

The Synecdoche,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes *pretty-face* and *pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *snotty-nose* and *draggle-tail*. Or, of accidents, for persons; as a lawyer, is called *split-cause*, a tailor, *prick-louse*, &c. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as *a sword-man*, *a gown-man*, *a t-m-t-d-man*; *a white-staff*, *a turn-key*, &c.

The Aposiopesis,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, as, "what shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or, "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

The Metaphor.**

The first rule is to draw it from the lowest things; which

* Stays. † Tweezer-case. ‡ Watch. || Fan.

§ A sort of perriwig: all words in use at this present year 1727. Pope.

⁂ These five lines, and the two at the bottom of p. 70, are quoted from his own youthful poems; as indeed are most of those marked *Anonymous*. See also note on p. 52. Dr. Warton.

** It were to be wished that all the critical opinions of Dr. Johnson were as solid and judicious as are his admirable observations in the Life of Cowley, on mixt Metaphors, false Wit, and what

which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the thunder of heaven, say,

The lords above are hungry and talk big.*

Or if you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus,

Tho' he (as said) may riches gorge, the spoil
Painful in massy vomit shall recoil:
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
Like his own ordure, cast with scorn away.†

The second, that whenever you start a metaphor, you must be sure to run it down, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a state negociation, follow it in this manner:

The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify a strict confederacy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat;
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a scaly embassy for peace;
His plighted faith the crododile shall keep,
And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.‡

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

Envoys and agents, who by my command
Reside in Palestina's land,
To whom commissions I have given
To manage there the interests of Heaven:

---

what (after Dryden) he calls "Metaphysical Poetry." After a certain period, in every country and in every language men grow weary of the natural, and search after the singular. Dr. WARTON.

* Lee's Alexander. † Blackmore, Job, p. 91, 93.

‡ Job, p. 22.

Ye holy heralds, who proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name,—
Ye pioneers of Heaven, prepare a road,
Make it plain, direct and broad;—
For I in person will my people head;
——— For the divine deliverer
Will on his march in majesty appear,
And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r.*

Under the article of the Confounding we rank,

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES, †

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is, when it gives an idea just opposite to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist, painting the spring, talks of a snow of blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of winter. Of this sort is the following:

The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
Whose livid flashes sick'ning sunbeams drown. ‡

What a noble confusion! clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning! all in two lines.

* Blackmore, Isaiah, c. xl.

† In Concannen's Supplement to the Profund, letter the second, which is a counterpart to this tenth chapter, and treats of Figures, are some more shrewd remarks and more pertinent examples than might be expected from such a writer, and are enough to make us think he had some more able assistant. Concannen was at that time an intimate friend of Warburton: and it has been suggested was assisted by him in writing these remarks; but of this there is no positive proof. Dr. WARTON.

‡ Prince Arthur, p. 37.

2. The

2. The JARGON.

Thy head shall rise tho' buried in the dust,
And 'midst the stars his glitt'ring turrets thrust. *

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

Upon the shore; as frequent as the sand,
To meet the prince, the glad Dimetians stand. †

Quære, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the jargon such as the following:

Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And desolation lie for ever waste. ‡

Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone. ||

But for variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN, §

where a word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, speaks twice as much by being split; as this of Mr. Dennis:

Bullets, that wound, like Parthians as they fly: ⸸

---

* Job, p. 107. † Prince Arthur, p. 157. ‡ Job, p. 89.
|| T. Cook, Poems. W.

§ An happy reading of Atterbury vindicates Milton from degrading his style by a very vile pun often quoted:

"And brought into this world, a world of woe."

Atterbury would point it thus:

"And brought into this world (a world of woe)"

in a parenthesis, and putting the repeated word in apposition to the former. Dr. WARTON.

⸸ Poems, 1693, p. 13.

or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted,

——— Behold the virgin lie
Naked, and only cover'd by the sky. *

To which thou may'st add,

To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW, †

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these on a lady, who made herself appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her clothes.

While the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape. ‡

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly they charm, and dismally they please. ||

—— His eyes so bright
Let in the object and let out the light. §

The Gods look pale to see us look so red. ⸸

———————— The Fairies and their queen,
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green. **

All nature felt a reverential shock,
The sea stood still to see the mountains rock. ††

---

* Welsted, Acon and Lavinia. P.

† It were to be wished our author himself had not been so very fond of this figure; of all others, if two often repeated, the most tiresome and disgusting. Dr. WARTON.

‡ Waller. || Steele, on Queen Mary. § Quarles.

⸸ Lee, Alexander. ** Philips's Pastorals. †† Blackmore, Job, p. 176.

CHAP. XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE writer of the profund, will take care never to magnify any object without clouding it at the same time; his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that darkness is an essential quality of the profund, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be, as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief figure of this sort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or impossible.*

For instance, of a Lion.

He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him. †

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate and makes the napkin black.

---

* Into which even the great Corneille has sometimes fallen, and that too even in his Cinna; much more when he copies the extravagancies of Guillam de Castro, in his Cid. The Spanish writers abound in these absurdities; and indeed there are many such in Rotrou and in Ronsard. Dr. WARTON.

† Vet. Aut.

Of the same.

—— The obſcureness of her birth
Cannot eclipse the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light. *

Of a Bull-baiting.

Up to the ſtars the ſprawling maſtiffs fly,
And add new monſters † to the frighted ſky.

Of a Scene of Miſery.

Behold a ſcene of miſery and woe!
Here Argus ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n tho' he had Briareus's hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes. ‡——

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye gods! annihilate but ſpace and time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To the ſame claſs of the magnifying may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country proſpect.

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie,
That even humble ſeems a term too high. ||

III. The laſt claſs remains; of the diminiſhing. 1. the ANTICLIMAX, and figures where the

* Theobald, Double Falſhood. † Blackmore, p. 21.
‡ Anonymous. || Anonymous.

ſecond

second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprise.

On the Extent of the British Arms.

Under the Tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke. *

On a Warrior.

And thou, Dalhousy, the great God of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar. †

On the valour of the English.

Nor Art nor Nature has the force
To stop its steady course,
Nor Alps nor Pyrenæans keep it out
—— Nor fortify'd redoubt. ‡

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect, or is presented with something low, or quite ridiculous: a surprise resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of antique statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea:

His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th' incumber'd, thick, fermenting stream
Does like one pot of boiling ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,

* Anonymous. † Anonymous. ‡ Dennis on Namur.

That

That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary —— with age, or gray with sudden fear. *

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron bars remov'd,
And to and fro huge heaps of cinders shov'd. †

2. The VULGAR

is also a species of the diminishing: by this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand.

The mighty Stuffa threw a massy spear,
Which, with its errand pleas'd, sung through the air. ‡

A man raging with grief to a mastiff dog.

I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw. ||

And clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity.

Distended with the waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is, when a poet grows so very simple, as ink and talk like a child. I shall take my [illegible]les from the greatest master in this way. [illegible]w he fondles like a mere stammerer;

[illegible]re, Job, 197. † Prince Arthur, p. 157.
[illegible] Arthur. || Job, p. 41.

Little

Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of Beauty's Queen,
Hither British Muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your pretty nurseling see.

When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May.

Then the neck so white and round,
(Little neck with brilliants bound)

And thy gentleness of mind,
(Gentle from a gentle kind) &c.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men, * &c.

and the rest of those excellent lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep.†

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death:

That ever she could die! Oh most unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet behind!
And yet,——why blame I her? ‡

With no less simplicity does he suppose, that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,

* Ambrose Philips on Miss Cuzzona.
† Philips's Pastorals. ‡ Ibid.

In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own. *

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances.

Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.) †

To the grave senate she could counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive.

He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls from the grandeur of his majesty. ‖

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew——you sip and sing. §

Where you easily perceive the nothingness of every second verse.

The noise returning with returning light,

What did it?

Dispersed the silence, and dispell'd the night. ‡

The glories of proud London to survey,
The sun himself shall rise——by break of day. **

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green, ††
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.

---

* Philips's Pastorals. † Ibid. ‡ Philips on Q. Mary.
‖ Ibid. § T. Cook, on a Grasshopper. ‡ Anonymous.
** Autor Vet.
†† I am afraid he glanced at Thomson. Dr. WARTON.

Cr

Or in pretty drawling words like these;

All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his sons' sons, till there shall be no more. *

The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same;
While wretched we remember'd thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name! †

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words, and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries † employ his figure.

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies and support of wars,
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
Lessen his numbers and contract his host,
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd. ||

Of all which the perfection is

* T. Cook, Poems. † Ibid.

† Even such pure writers as Catullus, Lucretius, and Horace, have sometimes been guilty of Pleonasms: of which there are examples in the Miscellaneous Observations of Jortin, p. 37, vol. ii. Of this sort of style Quintilian, as usual, speaks elegantly: 'Ut corpora non robore sed valetudine inflantur; et recto itinere lapsi, plerumque divertunt. Erit ergo obscurior, quo quisqui deterior.' Again, 'Ut staturâ breves in digitos eriguntur, et plura infirmi minantur.—Ne oneretur tamen verbis multis; nam sit longa et impedita oratio, ut eam judices similem agmini totidem lixas habenti quot milites; in quo et numerus est duplex, nec duplum virium.' The six English lines here quoted are a severe stroke on Addison's Campaign. Dr. WARTON.

|| Camp.

The

The TAUTOLOGY.

Break through the billows, and—divide the main. *
In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.
Divide—and part—the sever'd world—in two. †

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern poems.

CHAP. XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE expression is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It must not be always grammatical, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number:

The sword and pestilence at once *devours*,

instead of *devour*. ‡

* Tonson's Miscellany, 12mo. vol. iv. p. 291, 4th edit.

† Tonson's Miscellany, vol. vi. p. 121.

‡ Our author himself has more than once fallen into this fault, as hath been observed in the notes of this edition, and of which Dr. Lowth in his Grammar mentions many instances.

Dr. WARTON.

Some-

Sometimes the wrong case;

And who more fit to soothe the god than *thee*? *

instead of *thou*.

And rather than say,

Thetis *saw* Achilles weep,

she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things; first, in the choice of low words: secondly, in the sober and orderly way of ranging them. Many of our poets are naturally blessed with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest citizen, who had made prose all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words; I take them from my last cited author, who though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple.

If not, a prize I will myself decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee. †

——Full of days was he;
Two ages past, he lived the third to see. ‡

The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before. ||

That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despised of all the gods am I. §

Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be. ⸸

* Tickell, Homer, Il. i. † P. 11. ‡ P. 17. || P. 19. § P. 34. ⸸ P. 38.

Or

Or these, of the same hand:*

I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.†

Sometimes a single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ship set on fires owes all the spirit of the bathos to one choice word, that ends the line.

And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion fry'd,‡

And in that description of a world in ruins:

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack.§

So also in these.

Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink
Come from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.‖

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually.

He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,
That cheers the forest and the garden trees.¶

It is also useful to employ *technical terms*,** which estrange your style from the great and general

* Asserting plainly that the first book of the Iliad, published by Tickell, was really the work of Addison. Dr. WARTON.

† Tonson's Miscellany, 12mo. vol. iv. p. 292. 4th edition. These are the two last feeble lines of Addison's Epistle to Sacheverell; and the two preceding ones are as bad. Dr. WARTON.

‡ Tonson's Miscellany, vol. vi. p. 119. § Job, p. 263.

‖ Prince Arthur, p. 151. ¶ Id. Job, p. 264.

** No passage in Blackmore himself can exceed the vulgarity of introducing technical terms, and sea language, more than the following

general ideas of nature; and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his *linen* was finely *spun*, and *bleached* on the happy plains.* Call an army of angels, *angelic cuirassiers*; † and if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

Fresh troops of pains, and regimented woes. ‡

Style is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of styles we shall mention only the principal, which owe to the

following lines of the 146, 147, and 148, stanzas of Dryden's Annus Mirabilis:

" So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum thro' each seam and rift;
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

" With boiling pitch another, near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops;
Which well laid o'er, the salt-sea waves withstand,
And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

" Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling blind,
Or sear-cloth mash with strong tarpauling coats,
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes."

Who would think it possible that these lines, and there are many such to be found in his works, could have been written by the author of Palamon and Arcite, and the Ode on St. Cecilia's day? Dr. Warton.

* Prince Arthur, p. 19. † Ibid. p. 339. ‡ Job, p. 86.

moderns either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

1. The Flord Style,

than which none is more proper to the bathos, as flowers, which are the lowest of vegetables, are most gaudy, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of ponds and ditches.

A fine writer of this kind presents you with the following posie;

The groves appear all drest with wreathes of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers;
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchang'd their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses,

As if the willing branches strove,*
To beautify and shade the grove.†

Which indeed most branches do. But this is still excelled by our Laureate;

Branches in branches twined compose the grove,
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The distant plantains seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.‡

Hear also our Homer.

His robe of state is form'd of light refin'd,
An endless train of lustre spreads behind.

---

* It is surprising to find so false and florid a conceit as is contained in the following lines, in a writer generally so chaste and correct as Addison.

" While here the vine on hills of ruins climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes." Campaign.
Dr. Warton.

† Behn's Poems, p. 2.

‡ Guardian, 12mo. 127.

His

His throne's of bright compacted glory made,
With pearls celestial, and with gems inlaid:
Whence floods of joy, and seas of splendour flow,
On all the angelic gazing throng below.*

2. The Pert Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of "The London Spy," and all the spies and trips in general, are herein to be diligently studied; in verse, Mr. Cibber's prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in modernizing, and adapting to the taste of the times, the works of the ancients. This we rightly phrase, *doing them into English*, and *making them English*; two expressions of great propriety; the one denoting our neglect of the manner how; the other, the force and compulsion with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this style, that Tacitus talks like a coffee-house † politician, Josephus

* Blackmore, Ps. civ.

† If the reader wishes to have a perfect idea of *travesting*, let him cast his eye on Etchard's translation of Terence. What will he think of such phrases as these, called translations from that elegant writer.

"My *belly chimes cupboard.*"
"Well said Tom Prog."

My friend, Lawson Huddleston, esq. of Shaftsbury, is the only person, to use his own expression, who has endeavoured to make Terence speak like a gentleman: "neither in the blank verse of Colman, or with the vulgarity of Etchard." Two plays were

Josephus * like the British gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca † or Mr. Asgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at snip-snap, and honest Thomas-a-Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. The Alamode Style,

which is fine by being new, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the sun in a mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

> See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
> Has mask'd his face, and put deep mourning on;
> Dark clouds his sable chariot do surround,
> And the dull steeds stalk o'er the melancholy round.‡

Of Prince Arthur's soldiers drinking.

> While rich burgundian wine, and bright champaign,
> Chase from their minds the terror of the main.§

---

translated by Huddleston, when at Oxford, but as they were only printed for his friends, they are not sufficiently known to the public. Bowles.

* Josephus, translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange. W.

† In such familiar phrases as these; "One good turn is the shoeing horn of another—He does me good in spite of my teeth —After a matter of eight years." And in Æsop, "The moon was in a heavy twitter." Collier's Antoninus was in the same smart taste. Thomas à-Kempis was translated by Dr. Stanhope, whose primness is here noted. There is hardly any species of bad writing but what is exposed in some part or other of this little treatise, in which the justest rules are delivered under the mask of ridicule, fortius et melius, than in professed and serious critical discourses. Dr Warton.

‡ Ambrose Philips. § Prince Arthur, p. 16.

whence

whence we also learn, that burgundy and champaign make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments.

——He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his liquid regiments does keep.
Thither the waves file off, and make their way,
To form the mighty body of the sea;
Where they encamp, and in their station stand,
Entrench'd in works of rock, and lines of sand.*

Of two armies on the point of engaging.

Yon armies are the cards which both must play;
At least come off a saver, if you may:
Throw boldly at the sum the gods have set;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.†

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and best fashions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the alamode is the PRURIENT; a style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the first quality; and, by the encouragement of the ladies, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed its incredible progress and conquests may be compared to those of the great Sesostris, and are every where known by the same marks, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * and * * * * * *hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* * * * * And selling of bar-

* Blackmore, Ps. civ. p. 261. † Lee, Sophonisba.

 gains,

gains, and *double entendre*, and Κιββέρισμος and Ὀλδφείλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. The Finical Style,*

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the alamode; as the following:

Of a brook dried by the sun.

Won by the summer's importuning ray,
Th' eloping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing sun-beams stole away.†

Of an easy death.

‡When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee, ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the grave, his granary.§

Of trees in a storm.

Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and passes by.||

---

* In which Felton's Superficial Dissertation on the Classics is written, who is very fearful to be thought a scholar, and makes an apology for quoting a common piece of Latin.
Dr. Warton.

† Blackmore, Job, p. 26.

‡ This puts me in mind of an epitaph I have seen in Northumberland:

Here lies, to parents, friends, and country dear,
A youth, who scarce had seen his 17th year,
But in that time so much good sense had shown,
That Death mistook 17 for 71. Bowles.

§ Blackmore, Job, p. 23. || Dean.

Of

Of water simmering over the fire.

The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleas'd liquor pines, and lessens all the while.*

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS,† which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words; and the BUSKIN, or stately, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For, as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once, then is the bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the wrong one. Will not every true lover of the profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongued gate,
That he may enter?

See who is there?

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.‡

---

* Anonymous, in Tonson's Miscellany, Part 6, p. 224.

† This is the fault of two eminent writers, who at the same time abound in transcendent beauties, and whom for that reason it is less invidious to mention, Thomson and Johnson; and I fear even Milton has furnished an example:

"I hear the sound of words, their sense, the air
Dissolves, unjointed, e'er it reach my ear."
Samson Agonistes, v. 176. Dr. WARTON.

‡ Tempest.

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my clothes.

Bring me what nature, tailor to the bear,
To man himself deny'd; she gave me cold,
But would not give me clothes.

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half extinguish'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust.*

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door:
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.†

---

* Theobald, Double Falsehood.
† These verses are his own. Dr. WARTON.

CHAP. XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence discovered the hidden sources of the bathos, or as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all, and every individual of the bathos, do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end, our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures, arises from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making

making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together; to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that "the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality;" accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by travelling. Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The *periphrasis*,* or circumlocution, is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue*, of old men at clubs; the *ellipsis*, or speech by half-words, of ministers and politicians; the *aposiopesis* of courtiers; the *liotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiplosis* of common criers and hawkers, who by redoubling the same words persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate; sarcasm and irony learned upon the water; and the *epiphonema*, or exclamation, frequently from the bear garden,

* All this paragraph down to the words in it, "House of Commons," is wonderfully acute and satirical, especially the mentioning the Bear-garden. Dr. WARTON.

and

and as frequently from the "Hear him" of the house of commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society (as hath been proposed) a poet or orator would have no more to do, but to send to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphorist, for his allegories; to the simile-maker, for his comparisons; to the ironist, for his sarcasms; to the apothegmatist, for his sentences, &c. whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose, that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expense, a rhetorical chest of drawers, consisting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be divided into *loci* or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers

registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unquestioned loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief, that might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day to several great orators in both houses: from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will also accrue to our society.

CHAP. XIV.*

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS OR SATIRES, AND OF THE COLOURS OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

NOW of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works, as speed and dispatch. Great

* It will be difficult to find more knowledge of life, more wit, more satire, more good sense, in any passage of equal length, than is comprized in this fourteenth chapter. Perhaps Dryden's Dedication of the State of Innocence to the Duchess of York is a piece of the grossest and most abject adulation that ever disgraced

Great pity it is that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportioned to their heaviness: for it is with the flowers of the bathos, as with those of nature, which if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts, whereon in a manner depends that profit, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in showing the quickest method of composing them; after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First, of panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than pri-

graced true genius, except indeed the nauseous and fulsome Dedication of such a man as Corneille of his Horace to Cardinal Richlieu, after this proud churchman had treated him so injuriously in the affair of the Cid. If it be thought that I speak disrespectfully of such a great minister as Richlieu, I beg leave to say, that one such poet as Corneille is of more real value than an hundred Richlieus, in the eyes of those who regard merits more than stations. Dr. WARTON.

vate

vate men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts; liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon the public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expenses, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides they are by prescription immemorial invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.*

But, forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require, that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation, which consists in converting

* A severe sarcasm on three orders of knighthood in this country. But why ridicule such orders? Is it not of public utility, and consequently providential, that there should be a sort of minds in the world capable of being actuated and put into motion by such objects, as Wits and Philosophers call Trifles. Dr. Warton.

vices

vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries: it is certain, the less a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed: especially those good qualities, of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire; wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loses his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him, whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their ears in the pillory.

CHAP. XV.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.*

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they

* A severe animadversion is here intended on Bossu; who, after he has been so many years quoted, commended and followed, by a long train of respectable disciples, must, I am afraid, alas! be at last deserted and given up as a visionary and fantastical critic; especially for imagining, among other vain and groundless conceits and refinements, that Homer and Virgil first fixed on some one moral truth or axiom, and then added a fable or story, with suitable names and characters, proper to illustrate the truth so fixed upon. Before Bossu, Mambrun had advanced the same doctrine, and treated it in a philosophical Aristotelian manner, in a laboured Dissertation, which he exemplified by a woful Latin Epic Poem, intituled Constantinus. He was one of those many critics who may remind us of the fate of Boccolini, when he was appointed by Paul V. governor of a small town, because he had written well on political subjects and on the art of government; but was obliged to be recalled after three months administration for incapacity in the business. The lamentable Epic Poems that Boileau has strung together, the Jonas, the David, the Moses, the Alaric, the Clovis, are exactly of the sort and size of Sir Richard's Job, Arthur, and Alfred; from whom our Scriblerus takes so many instances of the absurd. To these Voltaire has added a work that ought to be exempted from this catalogue, the St. Louis of the Jesuit Le Moine, who seems to have possessed a more vigorous and fertile fancy than any of his countrymen; who, whatever talents they may lay claim to, are not eminent for imagination and creative powers. His Poem is

they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who con-

is in eighteen books, on the Recovery of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns from the Saracens; the subject therefore closely resembles that of Tasso, certainly one of the most interesting subjects that has ever been treated. He has, like Tasso also, introduced machinery of angels, demons, and magicians. The speech and behaviour of one of the latter, Mireme, in the fifth book, page 145, who calls up from Hell the shades of many departed tyrants, is conceived with wonderful wildness of fancy, heightened by the scene of this transaction, near the pyramids of Egypt; especially when the ghost of Saladin declares, with an awful and tremendous voice, that the Sultan must slay his daughter as an expiatory sacrifice. In short, this poem abounds in the terrible graces, and is in a tone and manner very superior to that generally used by the writers of France, and approaching to the sublimity of Dante or Milton; the noble fictions of whose Paradise Lost, the cautious and severe Boileau has, it is imagined, endeavoured to ridicule in the third canto of his Art of Poetry, v. 193.

" Et quel objet enfin à presenter aux yeux,
Que le diable toujours hurlant contre les cieux,
Qui de votre héros veut rabaisser la gloire,
Et souvent avec Dieu balance la victoire."

What Boileau says of the Epopee is the worst, and what Marmontel says, is the best part in their respective Arts of Poetry. It ought to be added, that although Le Moine frequently uses a turgid and hyperbolical style, yet that he has prefixed a discourse on Heroic Poetry, in which are many sensible and acute remarks. Le Moine is praised by Fontenelle, vol. ii. of his works. Voltaire very frankly owns, " Les François n'ont pas la tête épique." Dr. WARTON.

fess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere observes of making a dinner, "that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot do it without, he has his art for nothing." The same may be said of making a poem. It is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which any author in the bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the Fable.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts of the story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero: or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will

will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the MANNERS.*

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities, which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake, which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or not it

* A stroke of ridicule on Bossu. Two very different opinions are held on this subject: and two very opposite interpretations are given of the χρηστα ηθη of Aristotle, and *notandi mores* of Horace. Dacier, Bossu, Shaftesbury, Harris, maintain that the words mean, that the manners should be only poetically good; but Heinsius, Hare, Batteaux, Marmontel, and Twining, insist that they should be morally good. The succeeding paragraph about the use of machines cannot but remind one of the different opinions held on this subject by Petronius, by Bossu, by Hobbes, by Temple, by Hurd, by Voltaire, by Lord Kaims, by Blair, and Boileau. Dr. WARTON.

be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*,* male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his "Art of Poetry."

> "*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*
> *Inciderit.*"

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

* In Dryden's long dedication to Lord Dorset of his translation of Juvenal, he gives an account of his design of writing an Epic Poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince, and of the machinery he intended to have used on that occasion, which seems to have been happily and judiciously imagined, founded on an idea of a contest between the Guardian Angels of kingdoms. But Arthur was reserved for another fate, and furnishes the most absurd examples in the Bathos. Dr. WARTON.

For

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *Burning Town*. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's "Theory of the Conflagration,"* well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for *similies* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.†

CHAP.

* An undeserved sarcasm on a work full of strong imagery, Burnet's Theory. Dr. WARTON.

† The Discourse of Voltaire on the Epic Poets of all nations, added to his Henriade, contains many false and rude opinions, particularly some objections to Paradise Lost. In the Geneva

edition of this poem we are informed of a curious anecdote: When it was printed at London in 1726, in quarto, by subscription, Mr. Dadiky, a Greek, and native of Smyrna, who at that time resided in London, saw by chance the first leaf as it was printing, where was the following line,

" Qui forea les François à devenir heureux;"

he immediately paid a visit to the Author, and said to him, " I am of the country of Homer; he did not begin his Poems by a stroke of Wit, by an Enigma." The Author immediately corrected the line: but I beg leave to add, that he did not correct many others of the same modern kind. Voltaire has dropt a remark in the last edition of his Essay on Epic Poetry, which is not indeed very favourable to the taste of his countrymen; but is perfectly true and just, and which he seems to have forgotten in some of his late assertions:

" It must be owned that it is more difficult for a Frenchman to succeed in Epic Poetry than for any other person; but neither the constraint of rhyme, nor the dryness of our language, is the cause of this difficulty. Shall I venture to name the cause? It is because, of all polished nations, ours is the least poetic. The works in verse, which are most in vogue in France, are pieces for the theatre. These pieces must be written in a style that approaches to that of conversation. Despreaux has treated only didactic subjects, which require simplicity. It is well known that exactness and elegance constitute the chief merit of his verses, and those of Racine; and when Despreaux attempted a sublime ode, he was no longer Despreaux. These examples have accustomed the French to too uniform a march." Dr. WARTON.

Nothing can be more just or true, than this observation of Voltaire: the French language, adapted to elegance, lightness, and colloquial point, *shrinks* (if I may so say) under the weight of intrinsic poetry:—witness Voltaire's own Henriade. BOWLES.

CHAP. XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.*

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the drama, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of by the present managers of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the bathos.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most august Mr. Barton Booth, the most serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, when the people of this age shall be ancestors, and to all the succession of our successors, that to this present day they continue to outdo even their own outdoings; and when the inevitable hand of sweeping time shall have brushed off all

* The character of a Player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuously. Johnson fell into the same cant, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjustly, at a time when he was received into the familiarity of some of the best families in this country. Baron, Chamelle, La Covreur, Du Menil, Le Kain, were equally respected in France. But the whole chapter is, in other respects, replete with incomparable and original humour, particularly the third, fifth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh articles of this project. I have not been able to discover that Booth, who was a man of excellent character, or Wilks, ever gave any such particular offence to our author as to deserve the sarcasms here thrown upon them. Dr. WARTON.

the works of to-day, may this testimony of a contemporary critic to their fame be extended as far as to-morrow.

Yet if to so wise an administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names, and dated the second of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

" 1. It is proposed, that the two theatres be incorporated into one company; that the royal academy of music be added to them as an orchestra; and that Mr. Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

" 2. That a spacious building be erected at the public expense, capable of containing at least ten thousand spectators; which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience, since the new entertainments. * That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two houses of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who shall all have their places frank.

" 3. If Westminster-hall be not allotted to this service (which by reason of its proximity to the

* Pantomimes were then first exhibited in England. P.

two

two chambers of parliament above mentioned seems not altogether improper) it is left to the wisdom of the nation whether Somerset-house may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that site, which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of Surry, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may in the readiest manner convey those eminent personages from courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn, either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affection to see their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuchs;* of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

"4. That the theatre abovesaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed critics and poets; out of whom six of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society, provided nevertheless that the laureat for the time being may be always one. The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient poet and critic to be found in the whole island.

"5. The male-players are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes,

* Farinelli. Bowles.

and

and the like. The actresses are to make their beds and wash their linen.

" 6. A large room shall be set apart for a library, to consist of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the council of six to sit and deliberate on the merits of plays. The majority shall determine the dispute: and if it should happen, that three and three should be of each side, the president shall have a casting voice, unless where the contention may run so high as to require a decision by single combat.

" 7. It may be convenient to place the council of six in some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give signs (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs the whole audience shall be required to clap or hiss, that the town may learn certainly, when and how far they ought to be pleased.

" 8. It is submitted, whether it would not be proper to distinguish the council of six by some particular habit or gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

" 9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the children of the society; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory

memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall at the public expense be brought up a page to attend the council of six: a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a poet; and a greater still for the son of a critic.

" 10. If it be discovered, that any actress is got with child during the interludes of any play, wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of robbery and theft. In all other cases, particularly in those for debt, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a place of privilege. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paltry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any poet or critic of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass, without being liable to an arrest.

" 11. The forementioned scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by profits arising from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose, that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives a very little will be deemed sufficient) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further,

ther, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but paint, diet-drinks, spitting-pots, and all other necessaries of life, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

"12. If some of the articles may at first view seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the council of six (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great officers of state), this may be obviated by swearing those six persons of his majesty's privy council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment previously at that most honourable board."

Vale, & fruere,

MAR. SCRIB.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SIVE

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM

SPECIMEN.

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus pœnè mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriæ occurrent lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα nostra libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

*** IT is very easy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at collectors of various readings, and adjusters of texts, those poor pioneers of literature; who drag forward

> A waggon load of meanings for one word,
> While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

To the indefatigable researches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor, are we indebted for that ease and facility with which we are now enabled to read. "I am persuaded," says Bayle, "that the ridiculous obstinacy of the first critics, who lavished so much of their time upon the question, whether we ought to say Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great use; they thereby inspired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they disposed them to a sedulous inquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occasion to their improving by those great examples." Dict. Tom. v. p. 795. I have always been struck with the following words of a commentator, who was also a great philosopher, I mean Dr. Clarke; who thus finishes the preface to his incomparable edition of Homer: "Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, si per se spectentur momenti. Sed ex elementis constant, ex principiis oriunter, omnia: Et ex judicii consuetudine in rebus minutis adhibitâ, pendet sæpissimè in maximis vera atque accurata scientia." Real scholars will always speak with due regard of such names, as the Scaliger's, Salmasius's, Heinsius's, Burman's, Reiskius's, Markland's, Gesner's, Heyne's, Toup's, Bentley's, and Hare's. "Sans se qu'on appelle les erudits," says Marmontel, very sensibly, "nous serions encore barbares. C'est grace aux lumieres qu'ils ont transmises, que leurs écrits ne sont plus de saison." Jortin used frequently to mention this attempt to discredit emendatory criticism, with strong marks of derision; and I have now before me, a letter from Toup to Mr. Thomas Warton, in the same strain. Dr. WARTON.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS.*

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. I.

ARMA virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Litora. Multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi superûm——
Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille & terris *vexatus*, et alto
Vi superûm——

Ab *aris*, nempe *Hercæi Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550—*flatu* ventorum *Æoli*, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum *Æneas* aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193—*jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

Et quisquis *numen Junonis* adoret?
Et quisquis *nomen Junonis* adoret?

* This was written to ridicule Bentley's edition of Milton, and, as the subject is fair, so many of the emendations, in the style of Bentley, are very happy and well conceived.

The reason of Pope's anger against Bentley is said to have been, —that soon after the publication of Homer, meeting Bentley at dinner, he said, "I trust you have received my Homer, which I ordered the bookseller to send." Bentley, who wished to have avoided the subject, is said to have replied: "I have received your translation, but pray do not call it *Homer*." BOWLES.

Longe

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *numen*, et proculdubio sic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt———
Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt——
Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Ver. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem.*
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem.*

Non *fidum*, quia epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. Ver. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput——
Excutitur: pronusque *magis tèr*
Volvitur in caput——

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum* ter *fluctus ibidem torquet*——

VI. Ver. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virûm——
Armi hominum: ridiculè antea *arma virûm*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare?*

VII.

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*
Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*
Summas & *leviter perlabi,* pleonasmus est: mirificè altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit; simili modo noster de Camilla, Æn. xi.

Ille vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret, &c. hyperbolicè.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* ex saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat.*
Jam *fæces* & saxa volant, *fugiuntque ministri:*
uri solent, instanti periculo—*Fæces facibus* longè præstant, quid enim nisi fæces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.
Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus antrum.*

Sic malim, * longè potiùs quàm *scopulis pendentibus:* nugæ! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum & *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? in quorum usum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo——

* One would think this note was written to ridicule Warburton, not Bentley's mode of criticising; it is so exactly apposite to many of his interpretations. Dr. WARTON.

Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? at *motus* & *ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immò et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. Ver. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones*
Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones.*

XII. Ver. 631.

Quare agite, O juvenes, *tectis* succedite nostris.
Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce et torum & mensam exprimebat:
Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *juvenes!*
Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. ver. 19.
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpæ:*
Anna! fetebor enim——
Sic corriges,
Huic uni [*viro* scil.] potui succumbere *culpas?*
Anna! fatebor enim, *etc.*
Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VER. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.
Concubuere omnes, *intentèque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere & ora tenebant*, tautologicè dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris museo, legitur, *ore gemebant*; sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: quod satis constat ex perantiquâ illâ Britannorum cantilenâ vocatâ *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.
Trojanas ut *oves* et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint.

Mallem *oves* potiùs quàm *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ

regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, meritò occisas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi,*
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi,*
Et quorum pars magna fui———

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recte distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?
Quis talia *flendo,*
Temperet *in* lachrymis?

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare, quàm solummodo a lachrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.
Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humida,* vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *lumina,* quæ *latentia*

tentia postquam *præcipitantur*, auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire *laborem*.
Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *brevè ter* Trojæ *superúmque* audire *labores*.

Cure Noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quàm diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores exposcit : Ter* enim pro *sæpe* usurpatur. *Trojæ, superumque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. ver. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.——
Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *lactusque resurgit*.

Resurgit multò propriùs dolorem *renascentem* notat quam ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis
Instar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte
Ædificant——*etc.*

Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.

Tracti & *repulsi*, antithesis perpulchra ! *Fracti*, frigide et vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) ade-

amus; quem si *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: solæ enim femellæ utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusso Insonuere cavæ*— *Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*——*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machnia muros*, Fœta *armis*——Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat? et incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus*, pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo. *

* There is much pleasantry in supposing it should be the Trojan mare, and not horse; and in the reasons assigned for this new reading. The same may be said of altering *tectis* for *lectis*, ver. 631; and of altering *opes* for *oves*, ver. 4, chap. 3.

Dr. WARTON.

AN ESSAY

OF THE

LEARNED MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

CONCERNING

THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES.*

WRITTEN TO THE MOST LEARNED DR. ——, F. R. S. FROM THE DESERTS OF NUBIA.

AMONG all the inquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those, who first brought them among us, attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means; since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom below the grave of Cambyses; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Ægyptians and In-

* This essay was by Dr. Parnell. N.

dians; but from whom they first received them is as yet a secret. The highest period of time, to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as Gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer,* Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars and revolutions, and from the very air in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt, but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government; though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time, and such sudden periods have been put to them, as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture, that the like happened to this nation, from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested;

* Il. iii. Hom.

it

it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the Baleares was wasted by rabbits, Smynthe by mice,* and of late Bermudas almost depopulated by rats. † Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris, in his travels to instruct mankind.

"He met," says Diodorus,‡ "in Æthiopia a sort of little Satyrs, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader Pan accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind." Now of this great personage Pan we have a very particular description in the ancient writers; who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff, the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us. And since the chief thing to which he applied himself was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem that the first principles of science must be received from that nation, to which the Gods were by Homer§ said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Egypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find, that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same

* Eustathius in Hom. Il. i.
† Speede, in Bermudas.
‡ Diod. l. i. ch. 18.
§ Il. i.

marks

marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant," saith Diodorus,* "whence Silenus derived his birth, through his great antiquity; but he had a tail on his loins, as likewise had all his progeny, in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the much celebrated order of gymnosophists. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their life, will easily find them to have imitated with all exactness imaginable the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be over-run with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch† says, "they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves or moss." And Herodotus ‡ tells us, that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many ants or creeping things.

Hence we see, that the two nations which contend for the origin of learning, are the same that have evermost abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contested, which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspired in being grateful to their common

* Diod. l. iii. ch. 69.

† Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's fortune. ‡ Herod. l. i.

masters.

masters. Egypt is so well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same from that adoration, which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers; in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth, from which they received their knowledge.

Pass we now over into Greece; where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece first heard the name of satyrs, or owned them for *semidei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called king by Theocritus.* If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strongest reports in all antiquity. One is, that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus: which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods under bestial appearances; which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women

* Παν Ἀναξ Theocr. Id. i.

under

under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, it is highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances, is that great mimic genius Æsop,* for whose extraction from these *sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage; insomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and satirical wit; and lastly his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is Socrates.† First, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men: secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nos'd, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of the respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

* Vit. Æsop. initio. † See Plato and Xenophon.

In

In process of time the women, with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles; it rose in one generation to their arms, in the second it invaded their necks, in the third it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became completed. Though we must here observe, that there were a few, who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not so entire, but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! how did they cast themselves into the same forms for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution, which they enjoyed, while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of Fauns,* *à fando*, or speaking. Such was he, who

* Livy.

coming

coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable era, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle; when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers increased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision or scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's* time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only showed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons who are related in the sixth Bucolic to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the im-

* Vid. Plutarch. in Vit. Syllæ.

portance

portance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden called Ægle, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great pygmæan empire, and several hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolic as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher; and only instructed by action.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true race, is said by St. Jerome to have met St. Anthony* in a desert; who inquiring the way of him, he showed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices, which I am at present able to gather, of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable

* Vit. St. Ant.

Mr.

Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others, at present, to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative; to whom in Malabar their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, raised on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in Maffæus's * opinion to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten,† the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due respect Orang Outang the great, the last of this line; whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Oran Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher: Oran Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson ‡ has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

* Maff. l. i. † Linschot. ch. 44. P.

‡ Dr. Tyson's Anatomy of a Pigmy, 4to. P.

We

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from impostbumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons! with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life! and what surprising relations have le Comte * and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them! If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive, longeval, and antediluvian man-tigers, who first taught science to the world!

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what, but that they should abate their pride, and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts? that these, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philoso-

* Father le Comte, a jesuit, in the account of his travels. P.

phers, who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now distinguished and known only by the same appellation as the man-tiger and the monkey.

As to speech, I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it necessary not to show themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it possible, that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation, where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate

nate them by assimilated motions? no nation where the women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain; but alas! in our present wretched, divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour state, would incline me to wish it were Holland—

> Sed lævâ in parte mamillæ
> Nil salit Arcadico.

It is from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height. May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tigers I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? the man-tigers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning to form comedians and dancing

masters; and marmosets, court pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing of each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale, & fruere.

ANNUS

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

OR, THE

WONDERFUL EFFECTS

OF THE APPROACHING

CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS JUPITER, MARS, AND SATURN.

BY MART. SCRIBLERUS, PHILOMATH.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora——

I SUPPOSE every body is sufficiently apprised of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant December 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the metamorphostical conjunction; a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies) the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have represented this great transformation by several significant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obelisk, a barber and a midwife; the barber delivers his razor to the mid-

wife, and she her swaddling clothes to the barber. Accordingly Thales Milesius (who, like the rest of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, "then," says he, "shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of shaving and childbearing."

Anaximander modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms, "then," says, he, "shall the negative quantity of the women be turned into positive, their — into + (i. e.) their *minus* into *plus*."

Plato not only speaks of this great change, but describes all the preparations toward it. "Long before the bodily transformation," says he, "nature shall begin the most difficult part of the work, by changing the ideas and inclinations of her two sexes: men shall turn effeminate, and women manly; wives shall domineer, and husbands obey; ladies shall ride a horseback, dressed like cavaliers; princes and nobles appear in nightrails and petticoats; men shall squeak upon theatres with female voices, and women corrupt virgins; lords shall knot and cut paper: and even the northern people ἀρσένα κυπρὶν ὀρινεῖν, a phrase (which for modesty's sake I forbear to translate) which denotes a vice too frequent among us.

That the ministry foresaw this great change, is plain from the calico act; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England, to convert their useless female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-stools;

stools; undressing themselves (as it were) before their transformation.

The philosophy of this transformation will not seem surprising to people, who search into the bottom of things. Madame Bourignon, a devout French lady, has shown us, how man was at first created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himself; a circumstance necessary to the state of innocence, wherein a man's happiness was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his female mate. Many such transformations of individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears, that this system of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer, several alterations. Every smatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fusion and *flatus* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity; but I forbear for the sake of my modest men-readers, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In some subjects the smallest alterations will do: some men are sufficiently spread about the hips, and contrived with that female softness, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the *ébauche* * of a good sturdy man. If nature could be puzzled, it will be how to bestow the redundant

* Sketch, rough draught, or essay. S.

matter of the exuberant bubbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the short dapper fellows into well-sized women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th instant. Accordingly about eight at night, as Senezino shall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he shall be observed to make an unusual motion; upon which the audience will be affected with a red suffusion over their countenance: and because a strong succession of the muscles of the belly is necessary toward performing this great operation, both sexes will be thrown into a profuse involuntary laughter. Then, to use the modest terms of Anaximander, "shall negative quantity be turned into positive, &c." Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a number of untouched virgins within those walls! but alas! such will be the impatience and curiosity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the disorders that may happen upon this occasion, is the chief design of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this conjunction to compass their filthy purposes. They tell the ladies, forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable commodity, hardly of so much value as a calico under-petticoat; since, like its mistress, it will be useless in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the dishonour and immorality of the action, I desire they will consider, that nature who never destroys her own productions, will exempt bigbellied women till the time of their lying in;

so

so that not to be transformed, will be the same as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortress, that is to be demolished in a few days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence to be brought to bed of a bastard; a posthumous bastard, as it were, to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a dry nurse.

This wonderful transformation is the instrument of nature to balance matters between the sexes. The cruelty of scornful mistresses shall be returned; the slighted maid shall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly, and a bastard.

It is hardly possible to imagine the revolutions, that this wonderful phenomenon will occasion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to see the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of succession to the crown; this being a case not provided for by the Salique law. There will be no preventing disorders among friars and monks; for certainly vows of chastity do not bind, but under the sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a scandal among Protestants for husbands and wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the husband being *femme couverte*. I submit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether the transformation does not discharge all suits of rapes.

The pope must undergo a new groping: but the false prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his successors; for as the grand signior has

has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen, at his devotion.

These are surprising scenes; but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn operations of nature are subjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earnest request to the merry fellows and giggling girls about town, that they would not put themselves in a high twitter, when they go to visit a general lying in of his first child; his officers serving as midwives, nurses, and rockers dispensing caudle; or if they behold the reverend prelates dressing the heads and airing the linen at court, I beg they will remember that these offices must be filled with people of the greatest regularity, and best characters. For the same reason I am sorry, that a certain prelate,* who, notwithstanding his confinement,† still preserves his healthy cheerful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurse at court.

I likewise earnestly entreat the maids of honour, (then ensigns and captains of the guards) that at their first setting out they have some regard to their former station; and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: that the present grooms of the bed-chamber (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green sickness: and in general, that the men would remember they are become retromingent, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

* Bp. Atterbury. N. † In december 1722. N.

Petticoats

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the clergy; but walls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chambermaids (the future ministers, plenipotentiaries, and cabinet-counsellors to the princes of the earth) manage the great intrigues that will be committed to your charge, with your usual secrecy and conduct: and the affairs of your masters will go better than ever.

O ye exchange-women!* (our right worshipful representatives that are to be) be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but consider that the nation, like a spendthrift heir, has run out: be likewise a little more continent in your tongues than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

You housewifely good women who now preside over the confectionary (henceforth commissioners of the treasury) be so good as to dispense the sugar-plums of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids (the hopes of the bench) exert but your usual talent of finding faults, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such slender evidences as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merchants of Billingsgate, (just ready to be called to the bar, and quoifed like your sister sergeants) that we

* Shopkeepers of Exeter-change. N.

expect

expect the shortening the time, and lessening the expenses of lawsuits; for I think you are observed to bring your debates to a short issue; and even custom will restrain you from taking the oyster, and leaving only the shell to your client.

O ye physicians! who in the figure of old women are to clean the tripe in the markets, scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare most deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy transformation: the only expedient left to restore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is so evident, that it is almost an affront to common sense to insist upon the proof: if there can be any such stupid creature as to doubt it, I desire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone, at present, about a million of sturdy fellows, under the denomination of standing forces, with arms in their hands: that those are masters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the rest, I believe no body will deny. It is no less true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a square mile of skins of vellum, have been employed to no purpose to settle peace among those sons of violence. Pray who is he that will say unto them, "go and disband yourselves?" but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the halcyon days of public tranquillity return; for neither the military temper nor discipline can taint the soft sex for a whole age to come: *bellaque matribus invisa,* wars odious to mothers, will not

not grow immediately palatable in their paternal state.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be less in family tranquillity than it is in national. Great faults will be amended; and frailties forgiven on both sides. A wife, who has been disturbed with late hours, and choked with the *haut-gout* of a sot, will remember her sufferings, and avoid the temptations; and will for the same reasons indulge her mate, in his female capacity, in some passions, which she is sensible from experience are natural to the sex; such as vanity, fine clothes, being admired, &c. And how tenderly must she use her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which she hath felt herself? In short, all unreasonable demands upon husbands must cease, because, they are already satisfied, from natural experience, that they are impossible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen those of their household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of

Their most sincere well-wisher,

M. S.

A

SPECIMEN OF SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.*

STRADLING *versus* STILES.

Le report del case argue en le commen banke devant tout les justices de le mesme banke, en le quart. an du raygne de roy Jaques, entre Matthew Stradling, plant. & Peter Stiles, def. en un action propter certos equos coloratos, *Anglicè* **pyed horses**, post. per le dit Matthew vers le dit Peter.

Le recitel **SIR** John Swale, of Swale-Hall in del case. Swale Dale **fast by the River** Swale, **kt. made his Last Will and Testament: in which, among other Bequests, was this**, *viz.* Out of the kind love and respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent. I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, gent. all my black and white horses. **The Testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pyed horses.**

* William Fortescue, esq., who, in 1736, was made a baron of the exchequer, appears to have been among Mr. Pope's most familiar and esteemed friends, and many letters to him from Mr. Pope are in the last edition of that Poet's works. He was, though a lawyer, a man of great humour, talents, and integrity. This whimsical case of the pyed horses, penned in ridicule of the old musty Reports, was the joint composition of Mr. Pope and Mr. Fortescue. He is mentioned by Jarvis in a letter to Pope, where speaking of lady M. W. M. he says,

Sedente Gayo, et *ridente* Fortescuo. BOWLES.

The

Le point. The Debate therefore was, Whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed horses by virtue of the said Bequests.

Pour le pl. Atkins apprentice pour le pl. monstre semble que le pl. recovers.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the nature of horses, and also what is the nature of colours; and so the argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the formal part, and substantial part. Horses are the substantial part, or thing bequeathed: black and white the formal or descriptive part.

Horse, in a physical sense, doth import a certain quadrupede or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular disposition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted for the use and need of man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that sundry and divers acts of parliament have from time to time been made in favour of horses.

1st Edw. VI. Makes the transporting of horses out of the kingdom, no less a penalty than the forfeiture of 40l.

2d and 3d Edward VI. Takes from horse-stealers the benefit of their clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condescend so far as to take care of their very breed: These our wise ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own posterity, than by also taking care of that of their horses.

And

And of so great esteem are horses in the eye of the common law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous crime, his punishment is to have his spurs chopt off with a cleaver, being, as master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315, saith, If tenants in common make a lease reserving for rent a horse, they shall have but one assize, because, saith the book, the law will not suffer a horse to be severed. Another argument of what high estimation the law maketh of a horse.

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial part, horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part, viz. What horses they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts; of which white and black are the two extremes, and, consequently, comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

By a bequest therefore of black and white horses, gray or pyed horses may well pass; for when two extremes, or remotest ends of any thing are devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present case is still stronger, coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

By the word black, all the horses that are black are devised; by the word white, are devised those that are white; and by the same word, with the conjunction copulative, and, between them, the

the horses that are black and white, that is to say, pyed, are devised also.

Whatever is black and white is pyed, and whatever is pyed is black and white; *ergo*, black and white is pyed, and, *vice versa*, pyed is black and white.

If therefore black and white horses are devised, pyed horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised; *ergo*, the pl. shall have the pyed horses.

Pour le defend.

Catlyne Serjeant: mon semble al' contrary, the plaintiff shall not have the pyed horses by intendment; for if by the devise of black and white horses, not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour between these two extremes may pass, then not only pyed and gray horses, but also red or bay horses would pass likewise, which would be absurd and against reason. And this is another strong argument in law, *Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum:* for reason is the life of the law, nay the common law is nothing but reason; which is to be understood of artificial perfection and reason gotten by long study, and not of mans natural reason; for *nemo nascitur artifex*, and legal reason *est summa ratio;* and therefore if all the reason that is dispersed into so many different heads, were united into one, he could not make such a law as the law of England; because by many successions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; so that the old rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.*

As therefore pyed horses do not come within

the intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the letter of the words.

A pyed horse is not a white horse, neither is a pyed a black horse; how then can pyed horses come under the words of black and white horses?

Besides, where custom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all devises, feofments, and grants, that certain name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory descriptions shall be allowed; for certainty is the father of right, and the mother of justice.

Le reste del argumen jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui disturb en mon place.

Le court fuit longement en doubt' de c' est matter et apres grand deliberation eu.

Judgment fuit donne pour le pl. nisi causa.

Motion in arrest of judgment, that the pyed horses were mares; and thereupon an inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le court advisare vult.

A

KEY TO THE LOCK;

OR, A

TREATISE,

PROVING BEYOND ALL CONTRADICTION

THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF A LATE POEM,

ENTITLED

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

TO

GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

WRITTEN IN 1714.

When the Rape of the Lock, Pope's moſt exquisite Poem, was publiſhed, Dennis wrote some criticisms on it, as if there were a *latent meaning* in many of the incidents, and he therefore publicly accused the author of being an *enemy of his king and country*. This trifle was written to shew, in the most forcible point of view, the ridiculousness of accusations, founded on such coincidencies. BOWLES.

A KEY TO THE LOCK.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into parties, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in allegory and fable. If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of "John Bull and his wife:"* if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an ant with a white straw is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of "Count Tariff."

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, entitled "The Rape of the Lock;" which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that,

* Alluding to Swift's allegorical history of John Bull, and other ironical pieces, on the side of the Tories. The "Ant," and the "White Straw," is lord Oxford and the Treasurer's white wand. BOWLES.

when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by considering who is the author, what is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now that the author of this poem is a reputed Papist is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by Jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread Popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one, is, by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his Popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government; by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain

a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author, with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he said) reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I inquired who he was, and they told me "he was a Roman catholic knight."

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and showing his snuff-box * and cane to prove he was satirised in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told "he was a Roman catholic lord."

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young lady to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint, in his dedication,† that he meant something farther. This lady is also a Roman catholic. At the same time others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room; and all of them Roman catholics.

But to proceed to the work itself.

In all things which are intricate, as allegories in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clew at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace

* ——— "Of amber *snuff-box* vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane." BOWLES.

† "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock. WARTON.

this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of his intricate composition.

First then let it be observed, that in the most demonstrative sciences some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by THE LOCK is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY.*

I. First then, I shall discover that Belinda represents Great Britain, or (which is the same thing) her late majesty. This is plainly seen in his description of her:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore:

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her white cliffs, and to the cross which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the lock, or barrier treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the cissars, my lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the lock, or treaty, the duchess of Marlborough.

* For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see "The Conduct of the Allies," and "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty." WARTON.

Some of these admirably ridiculous ideas are very dissimilar from some of Warburton's serious discoveries of latent beauties in his favourite author. BOWLES.

V. Sir

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestres to redemand it of great Britain, prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterward: but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the baron's character is his being adventurous, or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice:

—— an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances: these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances: hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the French romances abovementioned.*

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a fan; which,

* The outcry against lord Oxford at the time was, that he was in the interest of the Pretender, and had corresponded with the court of France. Whatever might have been the schemes of Bolingbroke and others, there is now little doubt but that lord Oxford himself had no idea of changing the Protestant succession. BOWLES.

both

both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the ladies of the bedchamber.* The garter alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the half pair of gloves a gauntlet, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayer soon to obtain, and long to possess.

> The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
> The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the duchess of Marlborough, appears both by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war.

> To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries:

but more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock or treaty. Among other things she says, "Was it for this you bound your locks in paper du-

* The duchess of Marlborough had been lady of the bedchamber, but her imperious manner soon alienated the romantic affection of the queen, though they had corresponded for some time, under the assumed names of Mrs. Morley, and Mrs. Freeman.—Mrs. Masham, a distant relation, was introduced by the duchess, whom she afterwards entirely supplanted in the queen's confidence. BOWLES.

rance?"

rance?" Was it for this so much paper has been spent to secure the barrier treaty?

> Methinks, already I your tears survey;
> Already hear the horrid things they say,
> Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with prince Eugene:

> Sir Plume, of amber snuff box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
> With earnest eyes ———

'Tis remarkable, this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His "earnest eye," or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstances of a "round unthinking face."

Having now explained the chief characters of his human persons (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the sequel of this discourse) I shall next take in pieces his machinery, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The

The sylphs and gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for, these being placed in the air, and those on the earth, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, high and low. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the heads of parties; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation.

> This erring mortals levity may call:
> Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says in express terms,

> ——— The chief the care of nations own,
> And guard, with arms divine, the British throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if in this mysterious way of writing, we find the same person, who has before been represented by the baron, again described in the character of Ariel; it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremond, that all the different characters in Petronius, are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We

We observe, in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the ear of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the queen. But whoever would be further convinced that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line:

> He raised his azure wand.

His sitting on the mast of a vessel shows his presiding over the South-Sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her majesty? But let us hear the lines:

> ——— Ye spirits, to your charge repair,
> The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
> And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
> Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularised the ladies and women of the bedchamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her majesty's dresser, and impudently given nicknames to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the sylphs are said to be wondrous fond of place, in the canto following, where Ariel is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their places subordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke

stroke which he gave him in the character of the baron before.

> Amaz'd, confus'd, he saw his pow'r expir'd,
> Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd:

being another prophecy that he should resign his place, which it is probable all ministers do, with a sigh.

At the head of the gnomes he sits Umbriel, a dusky melancholy spirit, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some grave and worthy minister. The vapours,* phantoms visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described, in the house of spleen, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their illwillers have so often called the whimsical.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the sylph, that is wounded with the scissars at the loss of the lock; by whom is un-

* The very alarms and "*cries of danger,*" which they, who were *plotting against the government,* affected to ridicule, were among the causes that their *plots* did not succeed. In our day, we have had the same cry against "alarmists;" whereas, if it had not been for the alarm, so justly excited, all *subsequent* attempts to quell the storm after it had once burst on us, would have been in vain. When the evil has once taken place, it is too late to say, "Who could have expected it? This was written in the year 1714, it is said; the rebellion broke out the next year, in which some of the author's friends were concerned; at least, Mr. Blount, a rigid Catholic, soon after the *overt acts* at Preston, thought it necessary to absent himself from England. BOWLES.

doubtedly

doubtedly understood my lord Townsend, who at that time received a wound in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was cut out of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm; to signify that it came to nothing, and his lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterised some persons under angels and men, so he has others under animals and things inanimate: he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a dog, and a noted writer as a tool. Let us examine the former:

——— But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

By this Shock, it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverell, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his tongue, that is, with his sermon, which made so much noise, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a dog. Or perhaps, by his tongue may be more literally meant his speech at his trial, since immediately thereupon, our author says, her eyes opened on a billet-doux. Billet-doux being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted

preted those addresses of loving subjects to her majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third canto:

> Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
> And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy.
> Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
> And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steele. A very artful pun, to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at ombre is a mystical representation of the late war, which is hinted by his making spades the trump; spade in Spanish signifying a sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the queen and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the two that plays against her, viz. the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the duke of Marlborough then

then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:

> Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
> And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
> Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
> Falls undistinguish'd———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke toward the end of this game:

> And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
> On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicing and thanksgivings are ridiculed in the two following lines:

> The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
> The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in) that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterward be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy:

> Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
> And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As the game at ombre is a satirical representation of the late war,* so is the tea-table that

* The war of the allies, which, after the splendid achievements of the duke of Marlborough, was concluded by the treaty of Utrecht, under the administration of lord Oxford.—There is certainly great humour in thus following up the burlesque idea, that

"More was meant than met the ear." Bowles.

ensues, of the council table, and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the trade in this place, appears by the passage which represents the sylphs particularly careful of the rich brocade; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that French brocades were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich gold stuff suits, which were said to be made her majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry, in plain terms, taking frequent cups,

> And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by his calling it,

> Coffee that makes the politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

> Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
> New stratagems.——

I shall only further observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where but at the council-board should the barrier treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing contentions of the parties upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles

squabbles following the rape of the lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise,

All side in parties——

and here you have a gentleman who sinks beside the chair: a plain allusion to a noble lord, who lost his chair of president of the council.

I come next to the bodkin, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British sceptre, so revered in the hand of our late august princess. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain, they need no remark:

The same (his ancient personage to deck)
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck
In three seal rings, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon hereditary right! The three seal rings plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that both should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

Behold how oft ambitious aims are crost,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turned into a star, or the old barrier treaty into a new and glorious peace. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with these lines:

> God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
> And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that peace, I imagine it the most extraordinary star, that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules), but all true Britons may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate the fall of Lewis in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the fate of Rome in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shown, that it has two different walks of satire; the one in the story itself, which is a ridicule on the late transactions in general; the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the ministers of state in particular. I shall now show that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine

doctrine of guardian angels and patron saints in the machinery of his sylphs, which being a piece of popish superstition that has been exploded ever since the reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st. The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2dly. A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular:

> Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
> A watchful sprite——

3dly. They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations.

> Her guardian sylph prolong'd her balmy rest,
> 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
> The morning dream——

4thly. They are made to be subordinate to different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under officers at command:

> Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5thly. They are employed in various offices, and each has his office assigned him:

> Some in the fields of purest ether play,
> And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
> Some guide the course, *&c.*

6thly. He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of dress; intimating thereby that the saints preside over the several parts of human bodies. They have one saint to cure the

toothach, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest.

> The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7thly. They are represented to know the thoughts of men:

> As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
> He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind.

8thly. They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

> Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly. They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

> Of these the chief the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the papists to defend England; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Spain; &c. Now what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The toilette is an artful recommendation of the mass, and pompous ceremonies of the church of Rome. The unveiling of the altar, the silver vases upon it; being robed in white, as the priests are upon the chief festivals; and the head uncovered, are manifest marks of this:

> A heavenly image in the glass appears,
> To that she bends——

plainly denotes image worship.

The

The goddess, who is decked with treasures, jewels, and the various offerings of the world, manifestly alludes to the lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the incense pot in the following line:

> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the Popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and over-spreading the whole nation with ceremonies;

> Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain
> The Sun first rises o'er the purple main,
> Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
> Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a cross on her breast, the ensign of popery, the adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

> On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Next he represents her as the universal church, according to the boasts of the Papists:

> And like the Sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth

regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:

> For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
> Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to matins; in the second, by adoring every power, the invocation of saints.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous wax-lights, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship:

> ——Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
> When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The lunar sphere he mentions opens to us their Purgatory, which is seen in the following line:

> Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

It is a Popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at Purgatory in his way to Heaven; and it is here also represented as the treasury of the Romish church. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the moon should be Purgatory, when a learned divine hath in a late treatise proved the sun to be Hell.*

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern: in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's True History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt

* The reverend Dr. Swinden. WARTON.

not

not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general scope and bent of the work, and from the several particulars: furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretations of either party on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able state decipherers themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully proved, or more safely sworn to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintott, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many further discoveries might be made both of this poet's and abettor's secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the government.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled, "The importance of a Man to himself:" but, as it can be of very little use to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord. Amen. I P. P., by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever

* It was impossible but that such a history as Burnet's, which these Memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events, so near the time of their transaction, should be variously represented by the violent parties that have agitated and disgraced this country; though these parties arise from the very nature of our free government. Accordingly this Prelate's History of his own Time was as much vilified and depreciated by the Tories as praised and magnified by the Whigs. As he related the actions of a Persecutor and a Benefactor, he was accused of partiality, injustice, malignity, flattery, and falsehood. Bevil Higgins, and Lord Lansdown, and others, wrote remarks on him; as did the great Lord Peterborough, whose animadversions, as his amanuensis, a Mr. Holloway, assured me, were very severe; they were never published.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish-clerk: and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor esquire Bret did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "that one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk."*

Even

lished. As Burnet was much trusted and consulted by King William, and had a great share in bringing about the Revolution, his Narrations, it must be owned, have a strong tincture of self-importance and egotism. These two qualities are chiefly exposed in these Memoirs. Hume and Dalrymple have taken occasion to censure him. After all, he was a man of great abilities, of much openness and frankness of nature, of much courtesy and benevolence, indefatigable in his studies, and in performing constantly the duties of his station. His character is finely drawn by the Marquis of Halifax: one paragraph of which is too remarkable to be omitted: "His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself to the lowest, and most painful duties of his calling; are such unprelatical qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a Dissenter." Few persons or prelates would have had the boldness and honesty to write such a remonstrance to Charles II. on his dissolute life and manners, as did Burnet in the year 1680. We may easily guess what the sycophants of that profligate court, and their profligate master, said and thought of the piety and freedom of this letter.

Dr. WARTON.

* There is certainly great humour in this narrative. Burnet's political principles were in direct opposition to those of Pope; and his

Even when I was at school, my mistress did even extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter, in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, "The Lady and Death," "The Children in the Wood," and "Chevychace;" and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat, that was edged with silver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a

his learning and eloquence were such, that we may say, pointed as Pope's weapon is, in the energetic language of Johnson, "The shaft fell harmless, as the dart of Priam from the shield of Achilles." BOWLES.

hat

hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dexterous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies; thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! for the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

[Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.]

No

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear; and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. justice Freeman, the grave Mr. justice Thomson, the good lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay the great sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my young master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

[The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:]

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses, which had crept into the church.

First,

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lapdog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples, which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water), and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

[Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us, he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handicraftsman.]

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and if entreated, mend) with good approbation; faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery I also practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession there passed among men a merry

a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming sir Thomas himself without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray; he was called Toby, that is to say Tobias. And thirdly, I was intrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set a heelpiece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

[The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned, that when he speaks as a shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the bulls of Basan, of Simon the tanner, &c. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.]

[The next relates how he discovered a thief with a Bible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms, that had cured agues.]

[I pass

[I pass over many others, which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of the weekly texts; what psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what children were born and buried; the last of which articles he concludes thus:]

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

[The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I transcribe.]

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the psalms of king David should be hymned unto the same tunes, to which he played them upon his harp; so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our overabundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like unto excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow

parishioners in this new manner of worship.—What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday were filled with these new hallelujahs.

[Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the lawsuits of the parson and his parishioners concerning tithes, and near a hundred pages left blank with an earnest desire that the history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.]

[The next contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. and 7d. ¾. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. ½. For an inundation, a king Charles's groat, given by lady Frances, &c.]

[In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words; "Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expense of a hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, from the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in Heaven.]

[In

[In another he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but, after great encomiums, concludes, "that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening."]

[We find in another chapter how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection, that if so, they might be allowed christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.]

[In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the use of texts. Let a preacher (says he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. "The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they

lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?" Were the first minister to point out a preacher before the house of commons,* would not he be wise to make choice of these words? "Give, and it shall be given unto ye." Or before the lords, "Giving no offence, that the Ministry be not blamed," 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, "Who maketh his Ministers a flaming fire," Psal. civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts as too tedious.]

[From this period the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverell, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.]

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverell.† I had ever

* This application of texts is equal in humour to what is said on the same subject in Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy; a work that abounds in wit, and was evidently much read by Swift. It was unfortunate for Dr. Sheridan that, with his usual absence of mind, he chose for his text, to a sermon on the accession of George I. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" little imagining any offence could be taken. Dr. WARTON.

† Bolingbroke, speaking of Sacheverell, in his Dedication to Sir Robert Walpole, says, "You had a Sermon to condemn, and a Parson to roast; for that, I think, was the decent language of the time; and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire, that you burnt yourselves; your arguments being confined to the propositions this Preacher had advanced, you may seem rather to have justified resistance, or the means employed to bring about the Revolution, than the Revolution itself."

Dr. WARTON.

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the interest of our high-church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or Gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself, that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose did I institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men, at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read to them the Post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; Thomas White, wheelwright; and myself.

First, of the first, Robert Jenkins. He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed a horse of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly

been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

[After this, the book is turned on a sudden from his own life to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the queen, together with the peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the earl of Oxford, duke of Ormond, lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country

country on purpose: but could not find the least trace of him: till by accident I met an old clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all we could learn of that person from the neighbourhood was, that he had been taken notice of for swallowing loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and white cur with one ear, that constantly followed him.]

[In the church yard I read this epitaph, said to be written by himself.]

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man
That never spareth none.

LAW IS A BOTTOMLESS PIT:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.*

PUBLISHED FROM

A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN THE CABINET OF THE FAMOUS SIR H. POLESWORTH, IN THE YEAR 1712.

* The History of John Bull, when first published in detached parts by J. Morphew in 1712, was said to be "by the Author of the New Atalantis." As it now ſtands, the whole has been methodised, and some few passages omitted. See particularly chap. xiii. N.

*** "You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet called *Law is a bottomless Pit*. It is very prettily written; and there will be a second part." JOURNAL TO STELLA, *March* 10, 1711-12.

"The second Part of *Law is a bottomless Pit* is just now printed; and better, I think, than the first." IBID. *March* 16, 1711-12.

"The Appendix to the third Part of *John Bull* was published yesterday; it is equal to the last. I hope you read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that wrote it; but they put it upon me." IBID. *May* 10, 1712.

"*John Bull* is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub-street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right." IBID. *June* 17.

"Have you seen the fourth part of *John Bull?* It is equal to the first, and extremely good." IBID. *August* 7.

THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

CHAP. I.

THE OCCASION OF THE LAWSUIT.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels, that have happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late lord Strutt;* how the parson,† and a cunning attorney,‡ got him to settle his estate upon his cousin Philip Baboon ‖ to the great disappointment of his cousin esquire South.§ Some stick not to say, that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate,

* Charles II. of Spain died without issue; and

† Card. Portocarero and the

‡ Marshal of Harcourt, employed, as is supposed, by the house of Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he settled the succession of the Spanish monarchy upon

‖ Philip of Bourbon, duke of Anjou, though his right had by the most solemn renunciations been barred in favour of

§ the archduke Charles of Austria;

well-

well-conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c. all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors: it is credibly reported, that the butcher's and baker's bill of a lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom: the two chief were John Bull* the clothier, and Nic. Frog† the linen draper: they told him that the Bulls and Frogs had served the lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty; that they would use him as kindly, as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

* the English and

† the Dutch congratulated Philip upon a succession, which they were not able to prevent: but to disappoint the ambition of

CHAP. II.

HOW BULL AND FROG GREW JEALOUS, THAT THE LORD STRUTT INTENDED TO GIVE ALL HIS CUSTOM TO HIS GRANDFATHER LEWIS BABOON.*

IT happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) *a false loon*, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades;† sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broad cloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery-ware: high heads, rib-bands, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy: nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoebuckles; when shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at back-sword,‡ quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged

* Lewis the XIVth; and hinder the French nation, whose

† trade and character are thus described, and whose king had a

‡ strong disposition to war, from becoming too potent, an alliance was formed to "procure a reasonable satisfaction to the house of Austria for its pretensions to the Spanish succession, and sufficient

all

all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. 'It is not impossible (says Frog to Bull) but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as any body. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon; therefore, neighbour, I hold it adviseable, that we write to young lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

CHAP III.

A COPY OF BULL AND FROG'S LETTER TO LORD STRUTT.

MY LORD,

I SUPPOSE your lordship knows, that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind: and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your lordship, that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship, that you must find sufficient security to us,

us,* our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of 20,000l. for old debts, seize and destrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in ready either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised, upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

* security to England and Holland for their dominions, navigation, and commerce, and to prevent the union of the two monarchies France and Spain." To effect these purposes, queen Anne was by

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

HOW BULL AND FROG WENT TO LAW WITH LORD STRUTT ABOUT THE PREMISES, AND WERE JOINED BY THE REST OF THE TRADESMEN.

ALL endeavours of accommodation between lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that lord Strut had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's * ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins or puppet-shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay

* the parliament precipitated into the war as a principal. Among her allies were

now,

now, but to council learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, the chimney-sweeper of Savoy,* and Tom, the Portugal dustman,† put in their claims; and the cause was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus the attorney.‡

A declaration was drawn up to show "That Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper, without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs, challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel-play;" and abundance more to this purpose.

* the duke of Savoy and

† the king of Portugal; and

‡ John Churchill, duke of Marlborough, was appointed general in chief of the confederate army.

CHAP. V.

THE TRUE CHARACTERS OF JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, AND HOCUS.

FOR the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know, that Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis, either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy law-suit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing

farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of High German artists, and *leger-de-main:* no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned, that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in his address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper: he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported that he was henpecked; which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE VARIOUS SUCCESS OF THE LAWSUIT.

LAW is a bottomless pit: it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours every thing. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business; yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill no address was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve his cause:

there wanted not yellow boys to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination:* but alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause, till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers pockets: then John began to borrow money upon Bank-stock and East-India bonds: now and then a farm went to pot: at last it was thought a good expedient to set up esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip lord Strutt at once.† Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes: now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last

* The war was carried on against France and Spain with great success, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance: but a partition of the Spanish dominions in favour of the house of Austria, and an engagement that the same person should never be king of France and Spain, were not now thought sufficient.

† It was insisted, that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he should be dethroned.

shift,

shift, though he had as many as any other: his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and bare-footed: instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver: in short nobody got much by the matter, but the men of law.

CHAP. VII.

HOW JOHN BULL WAS SO MIGHTILY PLEASED WITH HIS SUCCESS, THAT HE WAS GOING TO LEAVE OFF HIS TRADE, AND TURN LAWYER.

IT is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature: this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law-words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench: he was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner:* "How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature! It is plain I was intended for a man of law: how did my guardian mistake my genius, in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter! Bless me!

* The manners and sentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

what immense estates these fellows raise by the law! Besides, is it the profession of a gentleman? What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause! to swagger at the bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade! for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; this he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffeehouses; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company, as a man that was cracked. Instead of affairs of Blackwell-hall, and the price of broad cloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeases, certioraries, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes, and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus, and the rest of the tribe, encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him, that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not, but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice:* as for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have sold a bale of broad

* Hold the balance of power.

cloth.

cloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for, though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW JOHN DISCOVERED THAT HOCUS HAD AN INTRIGUE WITH HIS WIFE; AND WHAT FOLLOWED THEREUPON.

JOHN had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, "that the last man of the parish, that knows of his cuckoldom is himself." It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that Hocus had dealings with John's wife,* that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late; she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats, and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Every body said, that Hocus had a month's mind

* And it was believed that the general tampered with the parliament,

to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his lawsuit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swingeing sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's countryhouse.* This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open, that all the world were scandalised at it; John was not so clodpated, but at last he took the hint. The parson of the parish preaching one day with more zeal than sense against adultery, † Mrs. Bull told her husband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition; that Hocus was of the same mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for using personal reflections.‡ How do you mean, says John, by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you? "No thank God, my

* who settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, and afterward entailed that, with 5000l. *per annum,* payable out of the post-office, to descend with his honours; over and above this, an immense sum was expended in building Blenheim-house. About this time (November 6, 1709)

† Dr. Henry Sacheverell preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

‡ The house of commons voted this sermon a libel on her majesty and her government, the revolution, the protestant succession and the parliament: they impeached him of high crimes and misdemeanors; he was silenced for three years, and the sermon burnt by the hangman.

reputation

reputation is two well established in the world to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouth'd scoundrel as he; his doctrine tends only to make husbands tyrants, and wives slaves; must we be shut up, and husbands left to their liberty? Very pretty indeed! a wife must never go abroad with a Platonic to see a play or a ball; she must never stir without her husband, nor walk in Spring-garden with a cousin. I do say, husband, and I will stand by it, that without the innocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state; and that a wife's virtue ought to be the result of her own reason, and not of her husband's government; for my part I would scorn a husband that would be jealous if he saw a fellow a-bed with me.*" All this while, John's blood boiled in his veins: he was now confirmed in all his suspicions; jade, bitch, and whore, were the best words John gave her.† Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife‡ at John, though John threw a bottle § at her head very brutally indeed: and after this there was nothing but confusion; bottles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust;‖ the result of which was that

* These proceedings caused a great ferment in the nation.

† The house complained of being aspersed and vilified; opprobrious terms were used by both parties, and one had recourse to

‡ military power, because it was assaulted by the other with

§ tumult and riot.

‖ The confusion every day increased; the whig or low church party in the house of commons began to decline. After much contention and debate

Mrs.

Mrs. Bull receieved a bruise * in her right side, of which she died half a year after. The bruise imposthumated, and afterward turned to a stinking ulcer, which made every body shy to come near her; yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill could do: but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate, all regular physicians, and her nearest relations, having given her over.

CHAP. IX

HOW SOME QUACKS UNDERTOOK TO CURE MRS. BULL OF HER ULCER. †

THERE is nothing so impossible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art; but there were those, that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaster, which being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a pill, that would purge of all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imagination. In spite of all applications, the patient grew worse every day; she stunk so, no body durst come within a stone's throw of her, except those quacks

* The Parliament was prorogued,

† and notwithstanding many attempts to prolong it, particularly some difficulties started by the lord

who

who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them, how Mrs. Bull did? Better and better, said they; the parts heal, and her constitution mends; if she submits to our government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that she should dance a jig next October in Westminster-hall, and that her illness had chiefly been owing to bad physicians. At last one of them * was sent for in great haste, his patient grew worse and worse: when he came he affirmed that it was a gross mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way: bring hither the salve, says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack, and the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible. Mrs. Bull having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue John for the murder; but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropped their design. She left no will, only there was found in her strong box the following words wrote on a scrip of paper, "My curse on John Bull and all my posterity, if ever they come to any composition with the lord Strutt."

* chancellor, it was dissolved Sept. 24, 1710.

She

She left him three daughters, whose names were Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria.*

CHAP. X.

OF JOHN BULL'S SECOND WIFE, AND THE GOOD ADVICE THAT SHE GAVE HIM. †

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and seeing that neither his constitution, nor the affairs of his family, could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife; a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed: in short he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper; not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and this ruinous lawsuit had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in a good humour, she talked to him after the following manner:‡ "My dear, since I have been your wife, I have observed great abuses and disorders in your family; your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably; your cook-maid is in a combination with your but-

* War, Faction, and Usury.

† The new parliament, which was averse to the war, made

‡ a representation of the mismanagement in the several offices, particularly those for victualling and clothing the navy and army;

cher,

cher, poulterer, and fishmonger: your butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer sells you hogwash; your baker cheats both in weight and in tale; even your milk-woman and your nursery-maid have a fellow-feeling; your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth; besides, leaving such long scores, and not going to market with ready money, forces us to take bad ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You have not posted your books these ten years; how is it possible for a man of business to keep his affairs even in the world at this rate? Pray God this Hocus be honest: would to God you would look over his bills, and see how matters stand between Frog and you:* prodigious sums are spent in this lawsuit, and more must be borrowed of scriveners and usurers at heavy interest. Besides, my dear, let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project of leaving your business to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, nature never designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flatter, that they may pick your pocket; observe what a parcel of hungry ragged fellows live by your cause; to be sure they will never make an end on't: I foresee this haunt you have got about the courts, will one day or other bring your family to beggary. Consider, my dear, how indecent it is to abandon your shop, and follow pettifoggers; the habit is so strong upon you, that there is hardly a plea between two country esquires about a barren acre upon a common, but you draw yourself in as bail, surety, or solicitor."†

* and of the sums that had been expended on the war,

† which was however still a favourite with the people.

John

John heard her all this while with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point; then he broke out into a violent passion, "What, I not fit for a lawyer! Let me tell you, my clodpated relations spoiled the greatest genius in the world, when they bred me a mechanic. Lord Strutt, and his old rogue of grandsire, have found to their cost, that I can manage a lawsuit as well as another." "I don't deny what you say," replied Mrs Bull, "nor do I call in question your parts; but, I say, it does not suit with your circumstances: you and your predecessors have lived in good reputation among your neighbours by this same clothing-trade, and it were madness to leave it off. Besides, there are few that know all the tricks and cheats of these lawyers: does not your own experience teach you, how they have drawn you on from one term to another, and how you have danced the round of all the courts, still flattering you with a final issue, and for aught I can see, your cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven years ago?" "I will be damn'd," says John, "if I accept of any composition from Strutt or his grandfather; I'll rather wheel about the streets an engine to grind knives and scissars; however, I'll take your advice, and look over my accompts."

CHAP. XI.

HOW JOHN LOOKED OVER HIS ATTORNEY'S BILL.

WHEN John first brought out the bills, the surprise of all the family was inexpressible at the prodigious dimensions of them; they would have measured with the best bale of cloth in John's shop. Fees to judges, puisne judges, clerks, prothonotaries, filacers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, counsel, witnesses, jurymen, marshals, tipstaffs, criers, porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, caveats, examinations, filing of writs, entries, declarations, replications, recordats, noli prosequis, certioraris, mittimuses, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, scire facias, supersedeas, habeas corpus, coach-hire, treating of witnesses, &c. "Verily," says John, "there are a prodigious number of learned words in this law; what a pretty science it is!" "Ay! but husband, you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words; bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of the account!" John spent several weeks in looking over his bills: and by comparing and stating his accounts, he discovered, that beside the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for counsel that were never feed, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journies that were never made: In short, that the tradesmen, lawyers, and Frog, had agreed to throw the burden of the lawsuit upon his shoulders.

CHAP. XII.

HOW JOHN GREW ANGRY, AND RESOLVED TO ACCEPT A COMPOSITION;* AND WHAT METHODS WERE PRACTISED BY THE LAWYERS FOR KEEPING HIM FROM IT.

Well might the learned Daniel Burgess say, that a lawsuit is a suit for life. He that sows his grain upon marble, will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This John felt by woful experience. John's cause was a good milch cow, and many a man subsisted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country, one sir Roger Bold,† whose predecessors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as any body; but having left off the profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding lawsuits among their neighbours, for which they were the aversion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cause in sir Roger's hands, desiring him to make the best of it: the news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon

* When at length peace was thought to be eligible upon more moderate terms, a treaty was entered into by

† Robert Harley, afterwards earl of Oxford, who was made treasurer in the stead of the lord Godolphin, and there was now not only a new parliament, but a new ministry.

John:

John: 'squire South swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; Frog said he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-sweeper, and Tom the dustman, complained that their interest was sacrificed.* The lawyers, solicitors, Hocus, and his clerks, were all up in arms, at the news of the composition; they abused him and his wife most shamefully.† "You silly, awkward, illbred, country sow, (quoth one) have you no more manners than to rail at Hocus, that has saved that clodpated numskull'd ninnyhammer of yours from ruin, and all his family? It is well known, how he has risen early and sat up late to make him easy, when he was sotting at every alehouse in town. I knew his last wife; she was a woman of breeding, good humour, and complaisance; knew how to live in the world: as for you, you look like a puppet moved by clockwork: your clothes hang upon you, as they were upon tenter-hooks, and you come into a room as you were going to steal away a piss-pot: get you gone into the country to look after your mother's poultry to milk the cows, churn the butter, and dress up nosegays for a holiday, and not meddle with matters, which you know no more of, than the signpost before your door: it is well known, that Hocus had an established reputation; he never swore an oath, nor told a lie in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependants, and dutiful to his su-

* The measure was opposed by the allies and the general;

† the house of commons was censured as totally ignorant of business;

periors; he values not your money more than the dust under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once for all, Mrs. Mynx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will pull out those saucer eyes of yours, and make that red-streak country face look as raw as an ox cheek upon a butcher's stall: remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking-stools." With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. Bull no time to reply. No stone was left unturned to fright John from his composition: sometimes they spread reports at coffee-houses, that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to Lewis Baboon;* that John had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive: as for his wife, she was a mere natural. Sometimes John's house was beset with a whole regiment of attorneys' clerks, bailiffs and bailiffs' followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself, as he went along the street. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull should sell her linen and wearing clothes.

* and it was said, that the nation would at last be sacrificed to the ambition of France.

After

After this passage, in some of the early editions followed this small chapter, under the title of

HOW THE LAWYERS AGREED TO SEND DON DIEGO DISMALLO, THE CONJURER, TO JOHN BULL, TO DISSUADE HIM FROM MAKING AN END OF HIS LAWSUIT; AND WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

BULL. HOW does my good friend don Diego?

DON. Never worse. Who can be easy when their friends are playing the fool?

BULL. But then you may be easy, for I am resolved to play the fool no longer: I wish I had hearkened to your advice, and compounded this lawsuit sooner.

DON. It is true; I was then against the ruinous ways of this lawsuit, but looking over my scheme since, I find there is an error in my calculation. Sol and Jupiter were in a wrong house, but I have now discovered their true places: I find that the stars are unanimously of opinion, that you will be successful in this cause: that Lewis will come to an untimely end, and Strutt will be turned out of doors by his wife and children. Then he went on with a torrent of ecliptics, cycles, epicycles, ascendants, trines, quadrants, conjunctions, bulls, bears, goats, and rams, and abundance of hard words, which, being put together, signified nothing. John all this while stood gaping and staring, like a man in a trance.

CHAP. XIII.

MRS. BULL'S VINDICATION OF THE INDISPENSABLE DUTY OF CUCKOLDOM, INCUMBENT UPON WIVES IN CASE OF THE TYRANNY, INFIDELITY, OR INSUFFICIENCY OF HUSBANDS: BEING A FULL ANSWER TO THE DOCTOR'S SERMON AGAINST ADULTERY.*

JOHN found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; among other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper.

IT is evident that matrimony is founded upon an original contract, whereby the wife makes over the right she has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus*, in favour of the husband: by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual: and where the contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there must be a power to maintain it, and to punish the offending party. The power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the cases above mentioned. No wife is bound by any law, to which herself has not consented: all economical government is lodged

* The tories representation of the speeches at Sacheverell's trial.

originally

originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason: but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? And that she has no remedy left, but *preces & lachrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature? No less frivolous are the arguments, that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of husband and wife. A husband denotes several different sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death: in Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment: in Italy it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks: in the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has quite a different meaning, implying free and equal government, securing to the wife in certain cases the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pinmoney, and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity, and conjugal fidelity.

The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose three conditions, of ability, justice, and fidelity in the husband: such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife

could never be supposed by reasonable men: it seems a reflection upon the ch—rch, to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives: it is much to the honour of our English wives, that they have never given up that fundamental point: and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families: such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means; for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families; unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates; for if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too: but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly queen,* in

* The queen of Charles II. of Spain, upon whose death without issue the war broke out.

not

not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and controverted succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, That one must not do evil, that good may come of it.

The assertors of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour gallants, and the pretenders to married women; for if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements instead of secret and peaceable cuckoldom?

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting, That the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's bed: by which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis, upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those wanton wives he speaks of? who are those ladies of high station, that he so boldly traduces in his sermon? It is pretty plain, whom these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory, or something worse.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by

these means have preserved their husbands families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity: but what has been said, is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical parson.

CHAP. XIV.

THE TWO GREAT PARTIES OF WIVES THE DEVOTOES AND THE HITTS.*

THE doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands; who went about the country, and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty; which gave rise to two great parties among the wives, the devotoes and the hitts. Though it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real; for the devotoes would abuse freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of hitts were often very honest. At the same time there came out an ingenious treatise, with the title of "Good Advice to Husbands;" in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family duty, and a due

* Those who were for or against the doctrine of non-resistance.

watch-

watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband, who, trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

CHAP. XV.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN MRS. BULL AND DON DIEGO.

THE lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent don Diego* to John. Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and present wife; and therefore supposed to have some influence over her: he had been ill-used himself by John's lawyers; but, because of some animosity to sir Roger,† was against the composition.‡ The conference

* Among other obstacles to the treaty, was the opposition of the earl of Nottingham; a tory nobleman, who had great influence in the house of commons.

† The cause of his animosity, from which this conduct is supposed to proceed, was Mr. Harley's being chosen to succeed him as principal secretary of state, when he was removed from that office in the year 1704.

‡ He expostulated against the peace with great warmth in the house, when the queen was present *incog.*

between

between him and Mrs. Bull was word for word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it possible, cousin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest, best meaning persons in the world, esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, that have sacrificed their interests to yours? It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

Mrs. Bull. I am sure they have left my family in a bad condition, we have hardly money to go to market; and nobody will take our word for sixpence. A very fine spark this esquire South! My husband took him in a dirty snotty-nosed boy; it was the business of half the servants to attend him, the rogue did bawl and make such a noise: sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, often pissed abed, and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding-school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing, shufflecap, and all-fours; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppetshows! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry-cook's and confectioner's for Naples biscuit, tarts, custards, and sweetmeats.* All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of good

* Something relating to the manners of a great prince, superstition, love of operas, shows, &c.

family

family that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him, by his interest, one of the best places of the country: and what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my husband a good word, or a civil expression: instead of sir and madam,* (which though I say it, is our due) he calls us goody and gaffer such-a-one: says, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us: huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left, to get him the title and estate of lord Strutt: and then, forsooth, we shall have the honour to be his woollen-drapers. Besides, esquire South will be esquire South still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so, when he depends upon us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he has got above the world?

D. Diego. And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous composition, and trust that old rogue, Lewis Baboon?

Mrs. Bull. Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on, till Lewis turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell-hall. I wish every man had his own; but I still say, that lord Strutt's money shines as bright, and chinks as well, as esquire South's. I don't know any other hold, that we tradesmen have of these great folks, but their interest; buy dear and sell cheap,

* Something relating to forms and titles.

and

and I'll warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is, that lord Strutt's servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. DIEGO. But poor Frog! what has he done? On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

Mrs. BULL. I think, I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is, without our help.* Ever since the commencement of this lawsuit, it has been the business of Hocus, in sharing our expenses, to plead for Frog. Poor Frog," says he, "is in hard circumstances; he has a numerous family, and lives from hand to mouth; his children don't eat a bit of good victuals from one year's end to the other, but live upon salt herring, sower curd, and borecole; he does his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this lawsuit; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds? place it upon your side of the account; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle to you." This has been Hocus's constant language, and I am sure he

* On the other side, complaint was made of the unequal burden of the war.

has

has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego. No doubt Hocus meant all this for the best, but he is a tenderhearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. Bull. Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. All the time of the lawsuit, as fast as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchased; from a plain tradesman with a shop, warehouse, and country hut, with a dirty fishpond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever master of.* Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, Frog should be purchasing some new farm or manor? So that if this lawsuit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my customers every day; twelve of the richest and the best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. Frog is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest: you are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus and those rogues kept my husband John Bull drunk

* and of the acquisition of the Dutch in Flanders; during these debates the house took in consideration

for

for five years together with punch and strong waters; I am sure he never went one night sober to bed, till they got him to sign the strangest deed that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another time; at present I'll read only the writing.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

BETWEEN

JOHN BULL, CLOTHIER,

AND

NICHOLAS FROG, LINEN-DRAPER.*

I. That for maintaining the ancient good correspondence and friendship between the said parties, I Nicholas Frog do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor servants give him any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stations; and whereas

* a treaty which had been concluded by the lord Townshend at the Hague between the queen and the states in 1709, for securing the Protestant succession, and for settling a barrier for Holland against France. And it was resolved, that several articles of this treaty were destructive to the trade and interest of Great Britain, that lord Townshend had no authority to agree to them, and that he and all those, who advised ratifying the treaty, were enemies to their country.

the

the said John Bull, from the assured confidence he has in my friendship, has appointed me executor of his last will and testament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts by John Bull, or any body else: for that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and doors, chests of drawers, and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to see his will duly executed.

II. In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleased to accept of the aforesaid trust, I John Bull having duly considered, that my friend Nicholas Frog at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps destructive of the health of himself, wife, and children; do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog with the best and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods, and chattels, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, consisting of as large extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hemmed in too close by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, master of the science of defence, I the said John Bull do oblige myself, with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and enclose the said grounds, for as many fields and acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit: to the intent that the said Nicholas may

may have free egress and regress, without let or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.

III. Furthermore the said John Bull obliges himself to make the country neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain part of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said John Bull: I the said John Bull do freely by these presents renounce, quit and make over to the said Nicholas, the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner, as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself, his heirs, and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the said Nicholas, except in such quantities and such rates, as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

Signed and sealed,

JOHN BULL.

NIC. FROG.

[The reading of this paper put Mrs. Bull in such a passion, that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.]

D. DIEGO.

D. DIEGO. Why in such a passion, cousin? considering your circumstances at that time, I don't think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs. BULL. You know the contrary.* Read that letter.

[Reads the superscription.]

For Lewis Baboon, *master of the noble science of defence.*

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND, that you are at this time treating with my friend John Bull about restoring the lord Strutt's custom, and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and to my certain knowledge understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling-clothes. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands: but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken; I'll find those that shall manage her; and for him he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the deeds of ejectment against lord Strutt: if you will not take what follows. I shall have a good action against you, for

* In the mean time the Dutch were secretly negociating with France.

pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from,

Your loving friend,
NIC. FROG.

I am told, cousin Diego, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our lawsuit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. DIEGO. For God's sake, madam, why so choleric? I say this letter is some forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man, Nic. Frog, to do any such thing.

Mrs. BULL. I can't abide you: you have been railing these twenty years at esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pickpockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. DIEGO. Pray tell me how you came to employ this sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego?

Mrs BULL. So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed sir Roger in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper terms than we have been.

D. DIEGO. Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this sir Roger.

CHAP. XVI.

HOW THE GUARDIANS OF THE DECEASED MRS. BULL'S THREE DAUGHTERS CAME TO JOHN, AND WHAT ADVICE THEY GAVE HIM; WHEREIN ARE BRIEFLY TREATED THE CHARACTERS OF THE THREE DAUGHTERS: ALSO JOHN BULL'S ANSWER TO THE THREE GUARDIANS.*

I TOLD you in a former chapter, that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood, that it is doing them no injury to make a short description of them.

The eldest was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed:† she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong box, for money to give the young fellows that she was fond of: she had a noble air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dressed her into consumptions; if she smelt to

* The debates in parliament were, however, still continued.

† *Polemia*, War.

the freshest nosegay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted: she used to come home in her cups, and break the china and the looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the north wind, as with her ladyship: so expensive that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

The second daughter,* born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunchbacked: but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night: she never rested quietly abed; but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel: she would cry out murder, and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when John came running down stairs, to inquire what the matter was; nothing, forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: she turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her salad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but such, as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had

* *Discordia,* Faction.

two

two coachmen; when one was on the coachbox, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her: of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower to destroy the protestant religion; of the pope's being seen at a brandy shop at Wapping; and of a prodigious strong man, that was going to shove down the cupola of St. Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces, that esquire South had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and sir Roger, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him, as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

As for the third,* she was a thief, and a com-

* *Usuria*, Usury.

mon mercenary prostitute, and that without any solicitation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons; a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world, to go to an ugly pocky fellow for sixpence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things; she had above five hundred suits of fine clothes, and yet went abroad like a cinderwench; she robbed and starved all the servants, so that nobody could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will say were rarities to be fond of: yet nature will show itself; nobody could blame their relations for taking care of them: and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls, and give John their best advice before he compounded the law-suit.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There is nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: as I hope to be saved, I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all four to serve you; I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service. I have indeed a small pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conscience as any man: but the thoughts of this disgraceful composition so touches me to the quick, that I cannot sleep; after I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis and lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet possession of every thing; then

then to compound, I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry; for God's sake consider only to what a dismal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his attorneys have hardly one trick left; they are at an end of all their chicane; besides, he has both his law and and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and I'll warrant you, before the next, we shall have him in the Fleet. I'll bring him to the pillory; his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God don't compound: let me be damned if you have a friend in the world, that loves you better than I: there is nobody can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue, but yours.

2d GUARDIAN. There is nothing so plain, as that this Lewis has a design to ruin all his neighbouring tradesmen; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing: nobody will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery-ware but himself. I then hold it adviseable, that you continue the lawsuit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice: for their estates, poor girls! depend upon the success of this cause.

3d GUARDIAN. I own this writ of ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declared enemies can

say, he has any other security for his clothing trade but the ejectment of lord Strutt. The only question then that remains to be decided, is, who shall stand the expenses of the suit? To which the answer is as plain; who but he, that is to have the advantage of the sentence! When esquire South has got possession of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier? Who, then, but John ought to put him in possession? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily answer, his tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and with the same generous spirit you have begun it, complete the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent persons; but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, Hocus, I can't but say you have managed my lawsuit with great address, and much to my honour; and though I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burden be taken off Frog's back, and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my estate: his note will go further than my bond. Is it not matter of fact, that, from the richest tradesman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from

from scriveners and usurers, that suck the heart, blood, and guts out of me? and what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had a hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, "one term more, and old Lewis goes to pot." If thou art so fond of my cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah Hocus! Hocus! I know thee; not a sous to save me from gaol, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to stir out of my doors, but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other: "Sir, remember my bill: there's a small concern of a thousand pounds, I hope you think on't, sir." And to have these usurers transact my debts at coffee-houses, and alehouses, as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound: and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the Apocrypha, that one should "not consult with a woman,

man, touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer, of selling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindness, &c." I could have added one thing more, "nor with an attorney, about compounding a lawsuit." The ejectment of lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witnesses swear backward and forward, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my suit, because Lewis is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend John can have at last; and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in? Besides, if this ejectment were practicable, is it reasonable, that when esquire South is losing his money to sharpers and pickpockets, going about the country with fiddlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a lawsuit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cause is over, I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man; but John Bull knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups: but it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas and huntinghorns, and ringing the changes on butchers cleavers, never let

me

me cool, and make me set my hand to papers when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.

CHAP. XVII.

ESQUIRE SOUTH'S MESSAGE AND LETTER TO MRS. BULL.

THE arguments used by Hocus and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient:* John and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expense of esquire South's law-suit. They thought it reasonable, that since he was to have the honour and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges; and retrench what he lost to sharpers, and spent upon country-dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the esquire; therefore, as the last experiment, he resolved to send signior Benenato,† master of his foxhounds, to Mrs. Bull, to try what good he could do with her. This signior Benenato had all the qualities

* But as all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the house of Austria, the Archduke sent a message and letter

† by prince Eugene, urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expense.

of

of a fine gentleman, that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered, she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades that were given her, sounded more ungrateful in her ears than the noise of a screech-owl; however, she received esquire South's letter by the hands of signior Benenato with that respect that became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style.

MADAM,

THE writ of ejectment against Philip Baboon, (pretended lord Strutt) is just ready to pass: there want but a few necessary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in quiet possession of my honour and estate: I question not but that, according to your wonted generosity and goodness, you will give it the finishing stroke; an honour that I would grudge in any body but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my stewards to pay, out of the readiest and best of my rents, five pounds ten

ten shillings a year, till my suit is finished. I wish you health and happiness, being, with due respect,

Madam,

Your assured friend,

SOUTH.

What answer Mrs. Bull returned to his letter you shall know in my Second Part, only they were at a pretty good distance in their proposals; for as esquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper, Mrs. Bull refused any more than to lend her barge,* to carry his counsel to Westminster-hall.

* This proportion was, however, thought to be so inconsiderable, that the letter produced no other effect, than the convoy of the forces by the English fleet to Barcelona.

LAW IS A BOTTOMLESS PIT:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

THE SECOND PART.

1713.

THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

PART II.

THE PUBLISHER's PREFACE.

THE world is much indebted to the famous sir Humphry Polesworth for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's lawsuit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by parcels, and won't give us the whole work: this forces me, who am only the publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance, to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour, and gratify the curiosity of the public at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private memoirs, written for his own use, in a loose style, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation.* I represented to him the good reception the First Part had met with; that though calculated only for the meridian of Grub-street, it was yet taken notice of by the

* This excuse of sir Humphry can only relate to the Second Part, or sequel of the history. See the Preface to the First Part. H.

better sort; that the world was now sufficiently acquainted with John Bull, and interested itself in his concerns. He answered, with a smile, that he had indeed some trifling things to impart, that concerned John Bull's relations and domestic affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the history of the lawsuit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuscript, I found likewise some further account of the composition: which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former part.

CHAP. I.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL'S MOTHER.*

JOHN had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your crossgrained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the

* The church of England. H.

words

words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen: as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimped ribands, in her headdress, furbelow-scarfs and hoop-petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel: though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanack, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon goust*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbowchair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japanwork, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies, that affect to smell a stink in every thing; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes,

and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'sying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations; We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years; Let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday. She looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her weddingday, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors,* to his great sorrow, as he found afterward, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: your rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved: she was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a

* In the rebellion of 1641. H.

friend

friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom: though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than any body.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults; among which, one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

CHAP. II.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL'S SISTER PEG,* WITH THE QUARRELS THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN MASTER AND MISS IN THEIR CHILDHOOD.

JOHN had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; any body would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked

* The nation and church of Scotland. H.

pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness: and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber toward the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisty-cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bedpost, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart.* In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames: she called him Gundyguts, and he called her Lousy Peg; though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks

* Henry VIII. to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V of Scotland; this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this event probably the author alludes. H.

you

you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterward the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours, and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you, Gundyguts (quoth Peg), every body's to choose their own music." Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers, that have made such a clutter in the world, lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack had of late been her inclinations: * lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack hath found the way to her heart. I have often admired, what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

* Love of presbytery. H.

CHAP. III.

JACK'S CHARMS, OR THE METHOD BY WHICH HE GAINED PEG'S HEART.*

IN the first place, Jack was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers, and people, indeed, wondered how such a young upstart jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was well gifted, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded Peg that all mankind, beside himself, were poxed by that scarlet-faced whore signiora Bubonia.† "As for his brother, lord Peter, the tokens were evident on him, blotches, scabs, and the corona: his brother Martin, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were only scorbutical; but he was sure it proceeded from a worse cause." By such malicious insinuations he had possessed the lady, that he was the only man in the world of a sound, pure, and untainted constitution: though there were some that stuck not to say, that signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and

* Character of the Presbyterians. H.

† The whore of Babylon, or the Pope. H.

tht

that Jack had been found with signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a man of a great estate in the Fortunate Islands; of which the sole property was vested in his person: by this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over plantations in the said islands; but when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you that Peg was whimsical, and loved any thing that was particular: in that way, Jack was her man, for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals: he was for your bold strokes, he railed at fops, though he was himself the most affected in the world; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backward, which, he said, showed more humility, and less affectation: where other people stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to court, he used to kick away the state, and sit down by his prince cheek by jole: Confound these states, says he, they are a modern invention: when he spoke to his prince, he always turned his br—ch upon him; if he was advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be sure that day to live upon water-

watergruel; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk politics: "All government," says he, "is founded upon the right distribution of punishments; decent executions keep the world in awe; for that reason the majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year. For example, I suppose the magistrates ought to pass an irretrievable sentence upon all blue-eyed children from the cradle;* but that there may be some show of justice in this proceeding, these children ought to be trained up by masters appointed for that purpose, to all sorts of villainy;† that they may deserve their fate, and the execution of them may serve as an object of terror to the rest of mankind." As to the giving of pardons, he had this singular method, that when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be inquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not? ‡ the first were to be pardoned, the last hanged outright. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterward for any crime whatsoever. ‖ He had such skill in physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face, That fellow, says he, do what he will, can't avoid hanging; he has a hanging look. By the same art he would prognosticate a principality to a scoundrel.

* Absolute predestination. † Reprobation.
‡ Saving faith; a belief that one shall certainly be saved.
‖ Election.

He

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies; they were generally bent toward exploded chimeras, the *perpetuum mobile*, the circular shot, philosopher's stone, silent gunpowder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs, and split hairs.*

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct account of the methods he practised upon Peg. Her brother would now and then ask her, "What a devil do'st thou see in that pragmatical coxcomb to make thee so in love with him? he is a fit match for a tailor or a shoemaker's daughter, but not for you, that are a gentlewoman,"—"Fancy is free," quoth Peg: "I'll take my own way, do you take yours. I do not care for your flaunting beaus that gang with their breasts open, and their sarks over their waistcoats; that accost me with set speeches out of Sidney's Arcadia, or the Academy of Compliments. Jack is a sober, grave, young man: though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere: he has a great regard to his father's will; and he that shows himself a good son, will make a good husband; besides, I know he has the original deed of conveyance to the Fortunate Islands; the others are counterfeits." There is nothing so obstinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you cross her, the worse she is.

* The learning of the Presbyterians. H.

CHAP. IV.

HOW THE RELATIONS RECONCILED JOHN AND HIS SISTER PEG, AND WHAT RETURN PEG MADE TO JOHN'S MESSAGE.*

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hardhearted to his sister Peg, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and pedling about the streets, selling knives, scissars, and shoebuckles: now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers-ends were sore, and when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journeywork to her neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances she still preserved the air and mien of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her neighbours; when she came into any full assembly she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, are not you related to John Bull? "Yes," says she, "he has the honour to be my brother." So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out shame upon John for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himself, being

* The treaty of Union between England and Scotland. H.

she

she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business. "Hang her, jade," quoth John; "I can't endure her, as long as she keeps that rascal Jack's company." They told him, the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his will and entailing his estate,* the very same in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now his sister Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about, as if John's last wife had fallen in love with Jack as he was eating custard on horseback:† that she persuaded John to take his sister into the house, the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his mistress Peg. All I can infer from this story, is, that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe any thing of one, true or false. But to return to my story; when Peg received John's message, she huffed and stormed like the devil:‡ "My brother John," quoth she, "is

* The succession to the crown having been settled by act of parliament in England, upon the house of Hanover, and no such act having passed in Scotland, then a separate kingdom, it was thought a proper time to complete the union which had been often attempted, and which was recommended to the Scots by king William III. H.

† Sir Humphry Edwin, a Presbyterian, lord mayor of London. H.

‡ The Scots expressed their fears for the Presbyterian government, and of being burdened with the English national debts. H.

grown

grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt whether it be not mair for their own conveniency than for my good: he draws up his writs and his deeds, forsooth, and I must set my hand to them, unsight, unseen. I like the young man he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm, because it makes a nook in his park-wall: ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use of: he gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling, through all the country markets, making foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch, spending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why should I stand surety for his contracts; the little I have is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, let it be never so hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me, and when he has his ends, he'll e'en use me as he did before. I am sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge: I shall be set to tend the bairns, dearn the hose and mend the linen. Then there's no living with that old carline his mother; she rails at Jack, and Jack's an honester man than any of her kin: I shall be plagued with her spells and her *Pater-nosters*, and silly old-world ceremonies: I mun never pare my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas-day, and I mun stand becking and binging, as I gang out and into the hall. Tell him he may e'en gang his get; I'll have nothing

thing to do with him; I'll stay, like the poor country mouse, in my awn habitation." So Peg talked; but for all that, by the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the matter was concluded, and Peg taken into the house upon certain articles: one of which was, that she might have the freedom of Jack's conversation,* and might take him for better and for worse, if she pleased; provided always he did not come into the house at unseasonable hours, and disturb the rest of the old woman, John's mother.

CHAP. V.

OF SOME QUARRELS THAT HAPPENED AFTER PEG WAS TAKEN INTO THE FAMILY.†

IT is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old sages, called Æsop, in the story of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing: as also of the oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

* The Act of Toleration. H.

† Quarrels about some of the articles of Union, particularly the peerage. H.

There

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than John Bull, considering how often his goodnature had been abused; yet I don't know how, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between him and his sister Peg, on purpose to sow jealousies, and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some hardships put upon Peg, which had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

The purchase money of Peg's farm was ill paid;* then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine cellar; for that Peg found a trick, for she made a false key. † Peg's servants complained, that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house;‡ if they offered to come into the warehouse, then straight went the yard slap over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an inkbottle at their head; if they came into the best apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but

* By the 15th article of the treaty of Union, it was agreed that Scotland should have an equivalent for several customs and excises to which she would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid. H.

† Run wine. H.

‡ By the test act, dissenters are excluded from places and employments. H.

the

the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the stables, was met by two rascals, who fell to work with him with a brush and a currycomb: some climbing up into the coachbox, were told that one of their companions had been there before that could not drive; then slap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand it was complained, that Peg's servants were always asking for drinkmoney;* that they had more than their share of the Christmas-box: to say the truth, Peg's lads bustled pretty hard for that; for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fists, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. Others in the scramble picked up guineas and broad-pieces. But there happened a worse thing than all this; it was complained that Peg's servants had great stomachs, and brought so many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of house and home. Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thrust away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; spoons, plates, and dishes, flew about the room like mad; and sir Roger, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said, this was contrary to agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then she called upon those, that had made her such fair promises, and undertook for her bro-

* Endeavoured to get their share of places. H.

ther John's good behaviour; but alas! to her cost she found, that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury. John at last agreed to this regulation; that Peg's footmen might sit with his book-keeper, journeymen and apprentices: and Peg's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased.*

Then they began to order plumporridge and mince-pies for Peg's dinner: Peg told them she had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon forcing down a mess of it some years ago,† it threw her into a fit, till she brought it up again. Some alleged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP. VI.

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE.

Mrs. BULL. THOUGH our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, since you seem to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider

* Articles of Union, whereby they could make a Scots commoner, but not a lord, a peer. H.

† Introducing episcopacy into Scotland, by Charles I. H.

your

your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. BULL. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs. BULL. But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: they have had lawsuits, but though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithee give me some account of these matters.

J. BULL. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: he is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nick Frog and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his Champagne, and so one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. "My worthy friends," quoth Lewis, "henceforth let us live neighbourly; I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrelsome neighbours. There is but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the inheritance of lord Strutt's estate; I am content, for peace sake, to wave my right, and submit to any expedient to prevent a lawsuit; I think an equal

division will be the fairest way."* "Well moved, old Lewis," quoth Frog; "and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory." At the same time he clapped me on the back, and slabbered me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. "Do as you please, gentlemen," quoth I, "'tis all one to John Bull." We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of lord Strutt's park-wall with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a semicircle; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole. We began first with surveying the meadow grounds; afterward we measured the corn-fields, close by close; then we proceeded to the wood-lands, the copper and tin mines.† All this while Nic. laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. Bull. What said lord Strutt to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some of lord Strutt's servants: "Heyday! What's here? What a devil's the meaning of all these trangrams and gimcracks, gentlemen? What in the name of wonder are you going about, jumping over my master's hedges, and running your lines across his grounds? If you are at any field pastime, you

* A treaty for preserving the balance of power in Europe, by a partition of the Spanish dominions. H.

† The West Indies. H.

might

might have asked leave; my master is a civil, wellbred person as any is."

Mrs. Bull. What could you answer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly my neighbour Frog and I were still hotheaded; we told him his master was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own business; that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we, being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their master:* "My lord," said they, "there are three odd sort of fellows going about your grounds, with the strangest machines that ever we beheld in our life; I suppose they are going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, or drive away your cattle: they told us strange things of settling your estate: one is a lusty old fellow, in a black wig, with a black beard, without teeth: there's another thick squat fellow, in trunk-hose: the third is a little long-nosed, thin man (I was then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness). I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away."

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he called for his long toledo, swore and bounced about the room, "'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my tradesmen? I know the rascals: my barber, clothier, and linendraper dispose of my

* This partition of the king of Spain's dominions was made without his consent, or even his knowledge. H.

estate! bring hither my blunderbuss. I'll warrant ye, you shall see daylight through them. Scoundrels! dogs! the scum of the earth! Frog, that was my father's kitchen boy! he pretend to meddle with my estate! with my will! Ah poor Strutt! what art thou come too at last! Thou hast lived too long in the world, to see thy age and infirmity so despised: how will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these tidings! They cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their graves." In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit; and, after bleeding in both arms, hardly recovered.

Mrs. BULL. Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it.

J. BULL. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken t'other bottle of Champagne, we quarrelled a little about the division of the estate. Lewis hauled and pulled the map on one side, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment to pieces. At last Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailor's sheers, and clipped a corner for himself, which he said was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened, indeed, an incident that gave us some disturbance: a cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after, peeping through the keyhole, observed that old Lewis had stole away our part of the map, and saw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner to the

the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: he was muttering something to himself, which he did not well hear, only these words, "'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity!" My servant added, that he believed this had some ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions: Lewis and I are good friends, he's an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his bargain. The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis revealed our whole secret to the deceased lord Strutt,* who, in reward to his treachery, and revenge to Frog and me, settled his whole estate upon the present Philip Baboon. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map.

Mrs. Bull. And was you surprised at this? Had not lord Strutt reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

J. Bull. Why truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your golden age, your silver age, &c.: one might justly call this the age of lawyers. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country, but had a counterfeit that pretended to his estate.† As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the lawyers, there was at least two of every

* It is suspected that the French king intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the secret to the court of Spain, upon which the will was made in favour of his grandson. H.

† Several pretenders at that time. H.

thing; nay, on my conscience, I think there were three esquire Hackums * at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole estates in the country: "This lies convenient for me, Tom: thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it." So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every house you might observe two Socias quarrelling who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment, and that I should find somebody behind my counter, selling my broad cloth.

Mrs. Bull. There is a sort of fellows, they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play such tricks; but it seems these fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think, that justice is a better rule than conveniency, for all some people make so slight of it.

* Kings of Poland. H.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE HARD SHIFTS MRS. BULL WAS PUT TO, TO PRESERVE THE MANOR OF BULLOCK'S HATCH; WITH SIR ROGER'S METHOD TO KEEP OFF IMPORTUNATE DUNS.*

AS John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surprised with a sudden knocking at the door. "Those wicked scriveners and lawyers, no doubt," quoth John; and so it was: some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. "What a cursed life do I lead!" quoth John. "Debt is like deadly sin: for God's sake, sir Roger, get me rid of the fellows." "I'll warrant you," quoth sir Roger; "leave them to me." And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe sir Roger's method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns, till John got out

* After the dissolution of the parliament, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves by propagating a notion, that the public credit would suffer, if the lord treasurer Godolphin was removed: the dread of this event produced it: the monied men began to sell their shares in the bank; the governor, deputy governor, and two directors, applied to the queen to prevent the change: the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually sunk. Perhaps, by Bullock's Hatch, the author meant the crown lands. H.

at

at the back-door.* When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, sir Roger used to bargain beforehand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased: he wore a pair of scissars in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calender: when ready money was scarce, he would set them telling a thousand pounds in sixpences, groats, and threepenny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange sight, as the dragon of Hockley in the Hole; or bid him call the thirtieth of next February. Now and then you would see him in the kitchen weighing the beef and butter;† paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market; and the butchers, by bribing them, sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar, and gauge the casks. In his leisure minutes, he was posting his books, and gathering

* Manners of the earl of Oxford. H.

† Some regulations as to the purveyance in the queen's family. H.

in

in his debts. Such frugal methods were necessary, where money was so scarce, and duns so numerous. All this while John kept his credit, could show his head both at 'Change and Westminster-hall; no man protested his bill, nor refused his bond; only the sharpers and the scriveners, the lawyers and their clerks, pelted sir Roger as he went along. The squirters were at it with their kennel-water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger shook his ears, and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself, that he was doing a charitable work, in rescuing an honest man from the claws of harpies and bloodsuckers. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good housewife, could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines; it is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things; therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing of her shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of soap and sand to scour the rooms;* but especially, that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan, the London Apprentice, or the Seven Champions in the black letter.†

* Two great savings in the house of commons. H.

† Restraining the liberty of the press by act of parliament. H.

CHAP. VIII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Bull. IT is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teased, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your honour, and chastising old Lewis: to curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law: the only thing I want to know is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finished your suit.

J. Bull. I was told by the learned in the law, that my suit stood upon three firm pillars: more money for more law; more law for more money; and no composition. More money for more law, was plain to a demonstration; for who can go to law without money? and it was plain, that any man that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he said.

Mrs. Bull. I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity; but you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else, how was it possible to run so much in debt, when at this very time, the yearly income

income of what is mortgaged to those usurers, would discharge Hocus's bills, and give you your bellyful of law for all your life, without running one sixpence in debt? You have been bred up to business; I suppose you can cipher: I wonder you never used your pen and ink.

J. BULL. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of moneyscriveners: such fellows are like your wiredrawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, till they squeeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him.* When I wanted money, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my antichamber with their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the ready; some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that, like so many hell-hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities, there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs. BULL. No clause of redemption, say you? that's hard.

J. BULL. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that;

* Methods of preying upon the necessities of the government. H.

the

the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the same man was butcher and grazier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herbwoman dunned me as I went along the streets. (Thanks to my friend sir Roger, else I must have gone to gaol). When I asked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the lawyers; counsel won't tick, sir; Hocus was urging: my bookkeeper sat sotting all day, playing at put and all-fours: in short, by griping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. Bull. This was hard usage! but, methinks, the least reflection might have retrieved you.

J. Bull. It is true: yet consider my circumstances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to alehouse and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs!* "There goes the prettiest fellow in the world," says one, "for managing a jury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up witnesses: serjeant such-a-one has a silver tongue at the bar." I believe in time I should have retained every single person within the inns

* Hiring still more troops. H.

of

of court. The night after a trial I treated the lawyers, their wives, and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hotheaded; then they placed me in the middle, the attorneys and their clerks dancing about me, whooping and hollowing, "Long live John Bull, the glory and support of the law."

Mrs. Bull. Really husband you went through a very notable course.

J. Bull. One of the things, that first alarmed me, was, that they showed a spite against my poor old mother.* "Lord," quoth I, "what makes you so jealous of a poor, old innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her prayers and her Practice of Piety: she never meddles in any of your concerns?" "Foh," say they, "to see a handsome brisk, genteel young fellow, so much governed by a doating old woman! why don't you go and suck the bubby? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good jointure? She has the best of your estates settled upon her for a rent-charge; hang her, old thief, turn her out of doors, seize her land, and let her go to law if she dares." "Soft and fair, gentlemen," quoth I; "my mother's my mother; our family are not of an unnatural temper. Though I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her jointure; long may she enjoy it, good woman; I don't grudge it her; she allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for my lawsuit: that's pretty fair." About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a distemper;† it began with a coldness and

* Railing against the church. H.

† Carelessness in forms and discipline. H.

numbness

numbness in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves (I think the physicians called them) seized the brain, and at last ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanliest creature in the world, never shrunk now, if you set a closestool under her nose. She, that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply, now, if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, she threw away her money upon roaring, swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets.* "What is the matter with the old gentlewoman," said every body, "she never used to do in this manner?" At last the distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving fits:† in which she shrieked out so loud, that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits she called upon one sir William:‡ "Oh! sir William, thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me! sold me to the cuckold of Dover-street! See, see Clum with his bloody knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing snakes! Where's my son John? Is he well, is he well? poor man! I pity him;" and abundance more of

* Disposing of some preferments to libertines and unprincipled persons. H.

† The too violent clamour about the danger of the church. H.

‡ Sir William, a cant name of sir Humphry's for lord treasurer Godolphin. H.

such

such strange stuff, that nobody could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter: for when I inquired about her health, the answer was, "that she was in a good moderate way." Physicians were sent for in haste: sir Roger with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came upon the first message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation. At last they divided into two parties, one sided with Garth, the other with Ratcliff.* Dr. GARTH: This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so; I'll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her." Others suggested strong purging, and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. RATCLIFF: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days, unless she is supported with strong cordials." I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother? "In no manner of danger, I vow to Gad," quoth Garth; "the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, sir, I vow to Gad." "I tell you, sir, says Ratcliff, "she cannot live three days to an end, unless there is some very effectual course taken with her: she has a malignant fever." Then fool, puppy, and blockhead, were the best

* Garth, the low church party; Ratcliff, the high church party. H.

words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the inkbottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you that one party of the physicians desired I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked, if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a High-German liveryman of hers, one Yan Ptschirnsooker,* that gave her a sort of quack powder. The physician desired to see it: "Nay," says he, "there is opium in this, I am sure."

Mrs. BULL. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

J. BULL. I did, indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath, That they had heard some of the liverymen† frequently railing at their mistress. "They said, she was a troublesome, fiddlefaddle old woman, and so ceremonious, that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagued with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the room, that their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, at another for his greasy hair, and not combing his head: that she was so passionate and fiery in her temper, that there was no living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her blood: that they never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the morning to early sacraments; they wished they could find

* Yan Ptschirnsooker, a bishop at that time, a great dealer in politics and physic. H.

† The clergy.

some

some way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed." Such discourses were often overheard among the liverymen, while the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had undertaken this matter. A maid made affidavit, "That she had seen the said Yan Ptschirnsooker, one of the liverymen, frequently making up of medicines, and administering them to all the neighbours; that she saw him one morning make up the powder, which her mistress took; that she had the curiosity to ask him, whence he had the ingredients?" "They come," said he, "from several parts of de world; dis I have from Geneva, dat from Rome, dis white powder from Amsterdam, and de red from Edinburgh; but de chief ingredient of all comes from Turkey." It was likewise proved, that the same Yan Ptschirnsooker had been frequently seen at the Rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress: That he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: "Madam, here is grand secret van de world, my sweetening powder, it does temperate de humour, despel de wint, and cure de vapour; it lullet and quietet de animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant dreams: it is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de bloot, and breaking out upon de skin: it is de true blootstancher, stopping all fluxes of de bloot: if you do take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will cure you of diseases;" and abundance more to this purpose, which the examinant does not remember.

John Bull was interrupted in his story by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows.

CHAP. IX.

A COPY OF NIC. FROG'S LETTER TO JOHN BULL.*

[John Bull *reads.*]

FRIEND JOHN,

"WHAT Schellum is this, that makes thee jealous of thy old friend Nicholas? hast thou forgot how some years ago he took thee out of the spunging-house?"† ['Tis true my friend Nic. did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a swingeing reckoning.] "Thou beginn'st now to repent thy bargain, that thou wast so fond of; and if thou durst, would'st forswear thy own hand and seal. Thou say'st, that thou hast purchased me too great an estate already; when, at the same time, thou know'st I have only a mortgage: 'tis true I have possession, and the tenants own me for master; but has not esquire South the equity of redemption?" [No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily; poor Nic. has only possession, eleven points of the law.] "As for the

* A letter from the States General. H.

† Alluding to the Revolution. H.

turnpikes

turnpikes * I have set up, they are for other people, not for my friend John; I have ordered my servant constantly to attend, to let thy carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my ways. Certainly I have just cause of offence against thee, my friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: what houndsfoot is it that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand last of devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life." [No question, as the devil loves holy water!] "Does not thy own hand and seal oblige thee to purchase for me till I say it is enough? Are not these words plain? I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog made a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy contract, *totâ pecuniâ*, with all thy money." [Very well! I have purchased with my own money, my children's, and my grandchildren's money, is not that enough? Well, *totâ pecuniâ* let it be, for at present I have none at all: he would not have me purchase with other people's money sure? since *totâ pecuniâ* is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchase.] "And whatever the world may say, Nicolas Frog is but a poor man in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great clothier of the world. I have had many losses; six of my best sheep were drowned, and the water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a pipe of my best brandy: it would be a more friendly act in thee to carry a brief about the country to

* The Dutch prohibition of trade. H.

repair the losses of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all the world, that I am still hemmed in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my borders?" [And so he will be, if I purchase a thousand acres more, unless he got somebody between them.] "I tell thee, friend John, thou hast flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a man of business; do not believe them: if thou wouldst still leave thy affairs in my hands, thou shouldst see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou shouldst be dazzled with the enchanted islands, and mountains of gold, that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy money to purchase a place at court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a composition." [Not think of a composition, that's hard indeed: I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] "Thou complainest of want of money; let thy wife and daughters burn the gold lace of their petticoats; sell thy fat cattle; retrench but a sirloin of beef and a peck-loaf in a week from thy gormandizing guts." [Retrench my beef, a dog! Retrench my beef! then it is plain the rascal has an ill design upon me, he would starve me.] "Mortgage thy manor of Bullock's Hatch, or pawn thy crop for ten years." [A rogue! part with my country-seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world; I'll see him hanged first.] "Why hast thou changed thy attorney? Can any man manage thy cause better for thee?" [Very pleasant! because a man has a good attorney, he must never make an end of his lawsuit.] "Ah John! John! I wish thou knew'st thy own mind;

mind. thou art as fickle as the wind, I tell thee, thou hadst better let this composition alone, or leave it to .

Thy loving friend,
NIC. FROG."

CHAP. X.

OF SOME EXTRAORDINARY THINGS,* THAT PASSED AT THE SALUTATION TAVERN, IN THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN BULL, FROG, ESQUIRE SOUTH, AND LEWIS BABOON.

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above mentioned company at the Salutation to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse; one time he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had struck him deaf of one ear; afterward two of his coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuse, but hurried him away: Come Nic." says he, "let's go and hear at least what this old fellow has to propose! I hope there's no hurt in that." "Be it so," quoth Nic. "but if I catch any

* The treaty of Utrecht: the difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the Dutch would not speak their sentiments, nor the French deliver in their proposals. The house of Austria talked very high. H.

harm, woe be to you; my wife and children will curse you as long as they live." When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was. "Well, neighbours," quoth he, "let's now make an end of all matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if every body is as well inclined as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our affair." And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great surprise of all the company, Frog was seized with the dead palsy in the tongue. John began to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and hallowed in his ear. "Let's come to the point, Nic! Who wouldest thou have to be lord Strutt? Wouldest thou have Philip Baboon?" Nic. shook his head and said nothing. "Wilt thou then have esquire South to be lord Strutt?" Nic. shook his head a second time. "Then who the devil wilt thou have? say something or another." Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, "A, a, a, a!" which was as much as to say, he could not speak. John Bull—"Shall I serve Philip Baboon with broad-cloth, and accept of the composition that he offers, with the liberty of his parks, and fish-ponds?" Then Nic. roared like a bull, "O, o, o, o!" John Bull—"If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?" Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himself, and seemed to be so pleased, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the room. John Bull—"Shall I leave

I leave all this matter to thy management, Nic. and go about my business?" Then Nic. got up a glass, and drank to John, shaking him by the hand, till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of joint. John Bull.—I understand thee, Nic. but I shall make thee speak before I go." Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry Buck; which was as much as to say, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull—"I have done, Nic. if thou wilt not speak, I'll make my own terms with old Lewis here." Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to say, Kiss—

John perceiving that Frog could not speak, turns to old Lewis: "Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it in another scrap."

"I am infinitely sorry," quoth Lewis, "that it happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at cudgels t'other day, a fellow has given me such a rap over the right arm, that I am quite lame: I have lost the use of my forefinger and my thumb, so that I cannot hold my pen."

John Bull. That's all one, let me write for you."

Lewis. "But I have a misfortune, that I cannot read any body's hand but my own."

John Bull. "Try what you can do with your left hand."

Lewis. "That's impossible; it will make such a scrawl, that it will not be legible."

As they were talking of this matter, in came esquire

esquire South all dressed up in feathers and ribands, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, "Room, room, boys, for the grand esquire of the world! the flower of esquires!* What! covered in my presence? I'll crush your souls, and crack you like lice!" With that he had like to have struck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still in his mad pranks; "When I am lord of the universe, the sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my bailiff; Lewis my tailor, and thou, John Bull, shalt be my fool!"

All this while Frog laughed in his sleeve, gave the esquire t'other noggin of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: "Well, John, thou art got into rare company! One has a dumb devil, t'other a mad devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. An honest man has a fine time on't among such rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty boon, one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own fireside. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such fellows! John Bull after all his losses and crosses, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I lived a thousand leagues off them! but the devil's in't, John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can."

* The Archduke was now become emperor of Germany, being unanimously elected upon the death of Joseph the first. H.

As

As he was talking to himself, he observed Frog and old Lewis edging toward one another to whisper;* so that John was forced to sit with his arms a kimbo to keep them asunder.

Some people advised John to blood Frog under the tongue, or take away his bread and butter; which would certainly make him speak; to give esquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient poultices, others for opening his arm with an incision knife.

CHAP. XI.†

THE APPREHENDING, EXAMINATION, AND IMPRISONMENT OF JACK FOR SUSPICION OF POISONING.

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the story of Yan Ptschirnsooker's powder was interrupted by a message from Frog. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled

* Some attempts of secret negociation between the French and the Dutch. H.

† The receiving the holy sacrament as administered by the church of England once at least in every year, having been made a necessary qualification for places of trust and profit, many of the dissenters came to the altar merely for this purpose. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the house and rejected, under the title of "A Bill to prevent Occasional Conformity." But the earl of Nottingham having brought it in a fourth time under another name, and with the addition of such

troubled with the distemper myself; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptschirnsooker came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows. Jack was accused as the contriver of all the roguery.* And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spite against the old gentlewoman; and consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger, Jack, to be sure, laid the pin in the way; if some noise in the street disturbed her rest, who could it be but Jack in some of his nocturnal rambles? If a servant ran away, Jack had debauched him: every idle tittletattle that went about, Jack was always suspected for the author of it: however, all was nothing to this last affair of the temperating, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The constables looked out for him in all his usual haunts; but to no purpose. Where d'ye think

such clauses as were said to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further security to the protestant succession, the whigs, whose cause the earl then appeared to espouse, were persuaded to concur: some, because they were indeed willing that the bill should pass, and others, because they believed the earl of Oxford would at last procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the history of this transaction. H.

* All the misfortunes of the church charged upon the presbyterian party. H.

they

they found him at last? Even smoking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's; from whence he was carried with a vast mob at his heels before the worshipful Mr. justice Overdo. Several of his neighbours made oath, that of late the prisoner had been observed to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy, and pretences to sobriety:* that he frequented taverns, and eatinghouses, and had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my lord mayor's table: that he had been seen in the company of lewd women: that he had transferred his usual care of the engrossed copy of his father's will, to bank-bills, orders for tallies, and debentures:† these he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be meat, drink, and cloth, the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine:‡ that he was so far from allowing his customary reverence to the will, that he kept company with those, that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery:§ that he not only sat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends:‖ that instead of asking for blows at the corners of the streets, he now bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short, that he was grown a mere rake; and had nothing left in him of old Jack, except his spite to John Bull's mother.

* The manners of the dissenters changed from their former strictness. H.

† Dealing much in stockjobbing. H.

‡ Tale of a Tub. H.

§ Herding with deists and atheists. H. ‖ Tale of a Tub. H.

Another

Another witness made oath, That Jack had been overheard bragging of a trick * he had found out to manage the old formal jade, as he used to call her. "Damn this numskull of mine," quoth he, "that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tattered coat, I am so well known, that I am hunted away from the old woman's door by every barking cur about the house; they bid me defiance. There's no doing mischief as an open enemy; I must find some way or other of getting within doors, and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my pranks, beside the benefit of good keeping."

Two witnesses swore,† that several years ago, there came to their mistress's door a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of Timothy Trim, whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in shape, stature, and the features of his countenance: that the said Timothy Trim being taken into the family, clapped their mistress's livery over his own tattered coat: that the said Timothy was extremely officious about their mistress's person, endeavouring by flattery and talebearing to set her against the rest of the servants: no body was so ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropped: that he used to shove and elbow his fellow-servants to get near his mistress, especially when money was a paying or receiving; then he

* Getting into places and church preferments by occasional conformity. H.

† Betraying the interests of the church, when got into preferments. H.

was

was never out of the way: that he was extremely diligent about every body's business, but his own: that the said Timothy, while he was in the family, used to be playing roguish tricks; when his mistress's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and gestures; but if his mistress looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he used often to trip up stairs so smoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and servants, when he met them in the dark, so hard, that he left the print of his forefinger and his thumb in black and blue, and then slink into a corner, as if nobody had done it: out of the same malicious design he used to lay chairs and jointstools in their way, that they might break their noses by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he used to teach to talk saucily, and call names: during his stay in the family, there was much plate missing; being caught with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said he was only going to carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended: that the said Timothy was hated by all the honest servants for his ill conditioned splenetic tricks, but especially for his slanderous tongue; traducing them to their mistress, as drunkards, thieves, and whoremasters: that the said Timothy by lying stories used to set all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel;

quarrel; particularly one day sitting at table, he spoke words to this effect: "I am of opinion," quoth he, "that little short fellows, such as we are, have better hearts, and could beat the tall fellows: I wish it came to a fair trial; I believe these long fellows, as sightly as they are, should find their jackets well thwacked."*

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themselves affronted by the discourse, took up the quarrel, and to't they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues still a faction in the family to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs: the said Timothy carried this frolic so far, that he proposed to his mistress, that she should entertain no servant, that was above four foot seven inches high; and for that purpose had prepared a gage, by which they were to be measured. The good old gentlewoman was not so simple, as to go into his project; she began to smell a rat. "This Trim," quoth she, "is an odd sort of a fellow; methinks he makes a strange figure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under his livery; can't he go spruce and clean like the rest of the servants? the fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I don't like by any means; besides, he has such a twang in his discourse, and an ungraceful way of speaking through the nose, that one can hardly understand him; I wish the fellow be not tainted with some disease." The witnesses further made oath, that the said Timothy lay out anights, and went

* The original of the distinction in the names of low churchmen and high churchmen.

abroad

abroad often at unseasonable hours; and it was credibly reported, he did business in another family: that he pretended to have a squeamish stomach, and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants, though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself; that he refused to dine upon salt fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite dish) in private; that for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour capons, turkeys, and sirloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence: That in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip a powder into her drink; and that he was once caught endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow as she was asleep: that he and Ptschirnsooker were often in close conference, and that they used to drink together at the Rose, where it seems he was well enough known by his true name of Jack.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himself alibi; so that the trial turned upon this single question, whether the said Timothy Trim and Jack were the same person? which was proved by such plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withstanding the evidence; therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his trial.

CHAP. XII.

HOW JACK'S FRIENDS CAME TO VISIT HIM IN PRISON, AND WHAT ADVICE THEY GAVE HIM.

JACK hitherto had passed in the world for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprised to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her. They said, that it was more generous to profess open enmity, than under a profound dissimulation to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust, and of the sacred rights of hospitality. In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends; they told him in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice; for laying aside his father's will in an old mouldy trunk, and turning stockjobber, newsmonger, and busybody, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pickpockets, his father's sworn enemies: that he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the court; repent, and change his manners. To say truth, Jack heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they

they sent Habbakkuk Slyboots,* who delivered him the following message, at the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

HABBAKKUK. Dear Jack, I am sorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however, we must make the best of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that's certain; hang, draw, and quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, the faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life: thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of don Diego; he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common road; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

JACK. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

HAB. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you make as if you hanged yourself;† they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and John Bull, being busied with his lawsuit, will not inquire further into the matter.

JACK. How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myself?

HAB. Nay, you must really hang yourself up,

* Habbakkuk Slyboots, a certain great man who persuaded the dissenters to consent to the bill against occasional conformity, as being for their interest. H.

† Consent to the bill against occasional conformity. H.

in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the rest to your friends.

JACK. Truly this is a matter of some concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I inquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: a rope and a noose are no jesting matters!

HAB. Why so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

JACK. May I presume to ask who it is, that is intrusted with so important an office?

HAB. Is there no end of thy hows and thy whys? That's a secret.

JACK. A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not likely to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to inquire who is to cut him down.

HAB. Thou suspicious creature! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is sir Roger:* he has been in tears ever since thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next room, and before the rope is well about thy neck, rest satisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: fear not, old boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

JACK. So I must hang myself up upon hopes that sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of don Diego: a fine stratagem indeed

* It was given out that the earl of Oxford would oppose the occasional bill, and so lose his credit with the tories; and the dissenters did believe he would not suffer it to pass. H.

to

to save my life, that depends upon hanging, don Diego, and sir Roger.

Hab. I tell thee there is a mystery in all this, my friend, a piece of profound policy; if thou knewest what good this will do to the common cause, thy heart would leap for joy: I am sure thou wouldst not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. That is to the tune of, All for the better. What's your cause to me when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal; if thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows: know assuredly before next full moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places in the kingdom. Nay I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of empaling, or breaking on the wheel: and thou choosest that, before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute! Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several, that have undergone it; they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness; be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or so: sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if sir Roger should not come; will my friends be there to succour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing against to-morrow morning; do thou keep thy own secret; say nothing: I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common good, that thou shouldst go through this operation.

*** *In the two first editions of* "The History of John Bull," *the following small chapter followed* Chap. XII.

HOW THE LAWYERS AGREED TO SEND DON DIEGO DISMALLO, THE CONJURER, TO JOHN BULL, TO DISSUADE HIM FROM MAKING AN END OF HIS LAW-SUIT; AND WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

BULL. HOW does my good friend Diego?

DON. Never worse. Who can be easy when their friends are playing the fool!

BULL. But then you may be easy, for I am resolved to play the fool no longer: I wish I had hearkened to your advice, and compounded this law-suit sooner.

DON. It is true, I was then against the ruinous ways of this law-suit; but, looking over my scheme since, I find there is an error in my calculation. Sol and Jupiter were in a wrong house, but I have now discovered their true places: I find that the stars are unanimously of opinion, that you will be successful in this cause, that Lewis will come to an untimely end, and Strutt will be turned out of doors by his wife and children. Then he went on with a torrent of ecliptics, cycles, epicycles, ascendants, trines, quadrants, conjunctions, bulls, bears, goats, and rams, and abundance of hard words, which, being put together, signified nothing. John all this while stood gaping and staring, like a man in a trance.

CHAP. XIII.

HOW JACK HANGED HIMSELF UP BY THE PERSUASION OF HIS FRIENDS, WHO BROKE THEIR WORDS, AND LEFT HIS NECK IN THE NOOSE.

JACK was a professed enemy to implicit faith, and yet I dare say, it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his old friends, in the state of a poor disbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded soldier after a battle; like an old favourite of a cunning minister after the job is over; or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game; or like a hundred such things, that one sees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot; Jack's life was the purchase of Diego's friendship, * much good may it do them. The interest of Hocus and sir William Crawley, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack absolutely necessary. You may easily guess, that his rest that night was but small, and much disturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his custom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a psalm; but amused himself with disposing of his bank-stock. Many a doubt, many a qualm overspread his clouded imagination:

* The earl of Nottingham made the concurrence of the whigs to bring in and carry this bill one of the conditions of his engaging in their cause. H.

"Must I then," quoth he, "hang up my own personal, natural, individual self, with these two hands? *Durus sermo!* What if I should be cut down, as my friends tell me? There is something infamous in the very attempt; the world will conclude I had a guilty conscience. Is it possible, that good man, sir Roger, can have so much pity upon an unfortunate scoundrel, that has persecuted him for so many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love favours that pass through don Diego's hands. On the other side, my blood chills about my heart at the thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands grabbling in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails: hang it, for once I'll trust my friends." So Jack resolved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form; many things happen between the cup and the lip; witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecution stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shows.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour to see it put in practice. Habbakkuk brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipt as glib as a birdcatcher's gin. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it, he handled it, measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity

rity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist; nay, the very colour did not please him. "Will nothing less than hanging serve?" quoth Jack, "Won't my enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will they accept of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment, a good round whipping, or burning in the cheek?"

HAB. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprising the rogues: how they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self?

JACK. That's true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old pope or pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

HAB. That can never be put upon sir Roger.

JACK. Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

HAB. Dost take me for a common liar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

JACK. Mayn't I quilt my rope? it galls my neck strangely: besides, I don't like this running knot, it holds too tight; I may be stifled all of a sudden.

HAB. Thou hast so many ifs and ands; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

JACK. But now I think on't, I would fain settle

settle some affairs, for fear of the worst: have a little patience.

Hab. There's no having patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable passive obedience! did I ever imagine, I should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance? How will my brother Martin laugh at this story, to see himself outdone in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words, but like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool Habbakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack swinging, like the pendulum of Paul's clock.—The fatal noose performed its office, and with the most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple die. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habbakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and scoffs, instead of pity. "Jack has hanged himself!" quoth they, "let us go and see how the poor rogue swings." Then they called sir Roger. "Sir Roger," quoth Habbakkuk, "Jack has hanged himself; make haste and cut him down." Sir Roger turned first one ear, and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

Hab.

HAB. I tell you, Jack has hanged himself up.

Sir ROGER. Who's hanged?

HAB. Jack.

Sir ROGER. I thought this had not been hanging day.

HAB. But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

Sir ROGER. Then let him hang; I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he slunk away.

Then Jack's friends began to hunch and push one another. "Why don't you go, and cut the poor fellow down? Why don't you? And why don't you?" "Not I." quoth one: "Not I," quoth another; "Not I," quoth a third; "he may hang 'till doomsday before I relieve him." Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Ptschirnsooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing, which they had advised and justified before, viz. his getting into the old gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. "This, gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack: what must be done with it?" Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities* of Gresham col-

* Which were afterward removed, with the Royal Society, into Crane court, in Fleet-street; and, since the erection of Somerset House, have been deposited in the British Museum. N.

lege,

lege, and it is called Jack's rope to this very day. However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *Non Compos.*

CHAP. XIV.

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN DON DIEGO AND JOHN BULL.

DURING the time of the foregoing transactions, don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

D. DIEGO. I hope, sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego and the treachery of sir Roger.

J. BULL. What's the matter now?

D. DIEGO. You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue Jack; but what through the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

J. BULL. What then?

D. DIEGO. Consider then, who is your best friend; he that would have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him. By my persuasion Jack had hanged himself, if sir Roger had not cut him down.

J. BULL. Who told you that sir Roger has done so?

D. DIEGO.

D. DIEGO. You seem to receive me coldly: methinks my services deserve a better return.

J. BULL. Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging-work, I'll send for thee: I have some better employment for sir Roger: In the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the north country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel, till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family. I could never order any thing within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth; nevertheless, tell him I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find, that John Bull is not of a cruel disposition.

D. DIEGO. Yet all your skilful physicians say, that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her soup.

J. BULL. Those are quacks: my mother abhors such cannibal's food: she is in perfect health at present: I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are indeed two or three old troublesome nurses,* that, because they believe I am tenderhearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up: "Oh, sir, your mother is taken extremely ill! she is fallen into a

* New clamours about the danger of the church. H.

fainting

fainting fit! she has a great emptiness, wants sustenance!" This is only to recommend themselves for their great care: John Bull, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

CHAP. XV.

THE SEQUEL OF THE MEETING AT THE SALUTATION.*

WHERE I think I left John Bull, sitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. asunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table to slip a short note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as slily put into John's pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these billet doux † of Nic.'s: wherein he found, that Nic. had used great freedoms both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words: "Dear Lewis, thou seest clearly, that this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear: let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves at the Rose, and I'll give thee satisfaction." Another was thus expressed. "Friend Lewis, Has thy sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull

* At the congress of Utrecht. H.

† Some offers of the Dutch at this time, in order to get the negociation into their hands. H.

such

such offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll warrant thee."

In some of his billets he told Lewis, "That John Bull was under his guardianship; that the best part of his servants were at his command; that he could have John gagged and bound whenever he pleased by the people of his own family." In all these epistles, blockhead, dunce, ass, coxcomb, were the best epithets he gave poor John. In others he threatened,* "That he, esquire South, and the rest of the tradesmen, would lay Lewis down upon his back and beat out his teeth, if he did not retire immediately, and break up the meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that John often changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good slap on the chops; but he wisely moderated his choleric temper. "I saved this fellow," quoth he, "from the gallows, when he ran away from his last master,† because I thought he was harshly treated; but the rogue was no sooner safe under my protection, than he began to lie, pilfer, and steal like the devil.‡ When I first set him up in a warm house, he had hardly put up his sign, when he began to debauch my best customers from me.‡ Then it was his constant practice to rob my fish-ponds, not only to feed his family, but to trade

* Threatening that the allies would carry on the war without the help of the English. H

† The king of Spain, whose yoke the Dutch threw off with the assistance of the English. H.

‡ Complaints against the Dutch for encroachment in trade, fishery, East Indies, &c. The war with the Dutch on these accounts. H.

with

with the fishmongers: I connived at the fellow, till he began to tell me, that they were his as much as mine. In my manor of Eastcheap,* because it lay at some distance from my constant inspection, he broke down my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat my servants. When I used to reprimand him for his tricks, he would talk saucily, lie, and brazen it out as if he had done nothing amiss. Will nothing cure thee of thy pranks, Nic.? quoth I; I shall be forced some time or other to chastise thee. The rogue got up his cane, and threatened me, and was well thwacked for his pains. But I think his behaviour at this time worst of all; after I have almost drowned myself to keep his head above water, he would leave me sticking in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out. After I have beggared myself with his troublesome lawsuit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty dudgeon, because I have brought him here to end matters amicably, and because I won't let him make me over by deed and indenture as his lawful cully; which to my certain knowledge he has attempted several times. But, after all, canst thou gather grapes from thorns? Nic. does not pretend to be a gentleman; he is a tradesman, a self-seeking wretch; but how camest thou to bear all this, John? The reason is plain; thou conferrest the benefits, and he receives them; the first produces love, and the last ingratitude. Ah! Nic. Nic. thou art a damned dog, that's certain;

* Complaints against the Dutch for encroachment in trade, fishery, East Indies, &c. The war with the Dutch on these accounts. H.

thou

thou knowest too well, that I will take care of thee; else thou wouldst not use me thus. I won't give thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable custom." While John was deep in this soliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following protestation.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I believe every body here present will allow me to be a very just and disinterested person. My friend John Bull here is very angry with me, forsooth, because I won't agree to his foolish bargains. Now I declare to all mankind, I should be ready to sacrifice my own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his interest and that of the honest tradesmen* that are embarked with us, keeps me from entering into this composition. What shall become of those poor creatures? The thoughts of their impending ruin disturbs my night's rest, therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this affair, I shan't make two words of it."

John Bull begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the interest of those tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some years ago, on a like occasion. Nic. answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain's whistle. Upon the first whiff, the tradesmen came jumping into the room, and began to surround Lewis, like so many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to

* The allies. H.

use a modester simile, like duns at a great lord's levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his sleeve, another by the skirt, a third halloo'd in his ear: they began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase; some asked for manors, others for acres, that lay convenient for them: that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches: all agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited, and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: one modestly asked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fishmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furnish the kitchen. John's sister Peg only desired, that he would let his servants sing psalms a sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old clothes, shoes and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

"Monsieur Bull," quoth Lewis, "you seem to be a man of some breeding: for God's sake, use your interest with these messieurs, that they would speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this rate." John begged they might proceed with some method: then they stopped all of a sudden, and would not say a word. "If this be your play," quoth John, "that we may not be like a quaker's dumb meeting, let us begin some diversion; what d'ye think of rolly pooly, or a country dance? What if we should have a match at foot-ball? I am sure we shall never end matters at this rate."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

HOW JOHN BULL AND NIC. FROG SETTLED THEIR ACCOMPTS.

J. BULL. DURING this general cessation of talk, what if you and I, Nic., should inquire how money-matters stand betwixt us?

NIC. FROG. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was disbursed.

J. BULL. I am not much for that, at present; we'll settle it between ourselves: fair and square, Nic., keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this lawsuit, at one time, 36000 pounds and 40000 crowns: in some cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.

NIC. Right: I pay three-fifths of the greatest number, and you pay two thirds of the lesser number; I think this is fair and square, as you call it.

JOHN. Well, go on.

NIC. Two-thirds of 36000 pounds are 24000 pounds for your share, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, of the 40000 crowns I pay 24000, which is three-fifths, and you pay only 16000, which is two-fifths; 24000 crowns make 6000 pounds; and 16000 crowns make 4000 pounds; 12000 and 6000 make 18000; 24000 and 4000 make 28000. So there are 18000 pounds to my share of the expense, and 28000 to your's.

[After Nic. had bamboozled John awhile about the 18000 and the 28000, John called for counters; but what with sleight of hand, and taking from his own score and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own side.]

J. Bull. Nay, good friend Nic., though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand ciphering as well as you. I will produce you my accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books: and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me, if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[John reads.]

For the expenses ordinary of the suits, fees, to judges, puisne judges, lawyers innumerable of all sorts.

Of extraordinaries, as follows *per* accompt.

To esquire South's accompt for Post terminums -
To ditto for Non est factums - - -
To ditto for Noli prosequis, Discontinuance, and Retraxit - - - - - - - -
For Writs of error - - - - -
Suits of conditions unperformed - - -
To Hocus for Dedimus potestatem - -
To ditto for a Capias ad computandum - -
To Frog's new tenants *per* accompt to Hocus, for Audita querelas - - - - -
On the said account for Writs of Ejectment and Distringas - - - - - -
To esquire South's quota for a return of a Non est invent. and Nulla habet bona - - -
To ——— for a pardon *in forma pauperis* - -

To

To Jack for a Melius inquirendum upon a Felo de se - - - - - - - -
To coach hire - - - - - - -
For treats to juries and witnesses - - -
John having read over his articles, with the respective sums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance - - - 3382 12 00

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket, and began to read:

Nicholas Frog's account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former account.
Paid by Nic. Frog, for his share of the ordinary expenses of the suit - - - - - -
To Hocus for entries of a Rege inconsulto - -
To John Bull's nephew for a Venire facias, the money not yet all laid out - - - -
The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this law-suit - - - - - - - -
For the extraordinary expenses of feeding my family during this lawsuit - - - -
To major Ab.
To major Will - - - - - -

And summing all up, found due upon the balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog - - 09 04 06

J. Bull. As for your Venire facias, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take care of my nephew myself. Your coach-hire and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But

who the devil are those two majors, that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accompts.

NIC. FROG. Two very honest gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some service. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes thy greater ability, and major Will. thy greater willingness to carry on this lawsuit. It was but reasonable that thou should'st pay both for thy power and thy positiveness.

J. BULL. I believe I shall have those two honest majors di count on my side in a little time.

NIC. FROG. Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. O Hocus! Hocus! where art thou? It used to go another guise manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him: is that thy conscience, John?

J. BULL. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh lawsuit adds but little to thy expenses; they are thy customers; I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of any thing: nay, thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or ran.* If it were well reckoned, I believe thou gettest more of my money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own, at least, that thy accompts are false.

* The money spent in Holland and Flanders. H.

NIC.

NIC. FROG. No, marry, won't I; I refer myself to these honest gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let esquire South speak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our lawsuit.

J. BULL. Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think that John Bull will be tried by Piepowders?* I tell you once for all, John Bull knows where his shoe pinches: none of your esquires shall give him the law, as long as he wears his trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broadcloth in his shop.

NIC. FROG. Why there it is; you will be both judge and party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy headstrong humour before these strange gentlemen; I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin some time or other; let it never be said that the famous John Bull has departed in despite of court.

J. BULL. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic. to turn barrator in thy old days; a stirrer up of quarrels among thy neighbours? I tell thee, Nic. some time or other thou wilt repent this.

[But John saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little success in settling his accompts, as ending the

* Court of Piepowder (*Curia pedis pulverizati*) is a court of record, incident to every fair; whereof the steward is judge, and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is so called because it is most usual in the summer: and because of the expedition in hearing causes, for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard, and determined the same day, that is before the dust goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants. H.

composition. "Since they will needs overload my shoulders," quoth John, "I shall throw down the burden with a squash among them, take it up who dares; a man has a fine time of it, among a combination of sharpers, that vouch for one another's honesty. John, look to thyself; old Lewis makes reasonable offers; when thou hast spent the small pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon Nic. Frog's and esquire South's generosity and gratitude: if they use thee thus, when they want thee, what will they do, when thou wantest them? I say again, John look to thyself."

John wisely stifled his resentment, and told the company, that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.]

ALL. Law! law! sir, by all means. What is twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a lawsuit? For the love of God, more law, sir!*

J. BULL. Prepare your demands; how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the meanwhile farewell.

* Clamours for continuing the war. H.

CHAP. XVII.

HOW JOHN BULL FOUND ALL HIS FAMILY IN AN UPROAR AT HOME.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project, and to make him uneasy in his own family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world; that their master was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poison in the other; that he had sold his wife and children to Lewis, disinherited his heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a parish boy; that if they did not look after their master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When John came home, he found a more surprising scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid Betty to bespeak his dinner: Betty told him, "That she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner, till she knew what he intended to do with his will." "Why, Betty," quoth John, "thou art not run mad, art thou? My will at present is to have dinner."

* Clamours about the danger of the succession. H.

"That

"That may be," quoth Betty, "but my conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir?" "I am sorry for that, Betty," quoth John, "I must find somebody else then." Then he called John the barber. "Before I begin," quoth John, "I hope your honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle, for me." "'Igad so it shall," quoth Bull, "for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands. Where's Dick the butler?" "Look ye," quoth Dick, "I am very willing to serve you in my calling, d'ye see; but there are strange reports, and plain dealing is best, d'ye see; I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew, and if Nic. Frog is still your executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these points, you may drink with the ducks." "And so I will," quoth John, "rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself." Hob the shoemaker, and Pricket the tailor, told him, "They would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them never to talk with Lewis Baboon, and let Nicholas Frog, linendraper, manage his concerns; that they could neither make shoes nor clothes to any, that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend Nicholas."

J. Bull. Call Andrew my journeyman. How go affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew.

ANDREW. No, sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead.

J. BULL. Just as other dead folks do, Andrew.—This is amazing! [*Aside.*

ANDREW. I mean if your nephew shall inherit your estate?

J. BULL. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

ANDREW. But will you make it sure?

J. BULL. Thou meanest that I should put him in possession, for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the law can give him.

ANDREW. Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven points of the law.

[John began now to think that they were all enchanted; he inquired about the age of the moon; if Nic. had not given them some intoxicating potion, or if old mother Jenisa was still alive? "No, o'my faith," quoth Harry, "I believe there is no potion in the case, but a little *aurum potabile.* You will have more of this by and by." He had scarce spoke the word, when another friend of John's accosted him after the following manner:

"Since those worthy persons, who are as much concerned for your safety as I am, have employed me as their orator, I desire to know whether you will have it by way of syllogism, enthymem, dilemma, or sorites."

John now began to be diverted with their extravagance.]

J. BULL.

J. Bull. Let's have a sorites by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all, who are versed in history, that there were two sisters that played the whore two thousand years ago: therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse with Lewis Baboon: if it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence if you will, that is much the same thing), then *à fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said John to make over his wife and children to the said Lewis: if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratsbane in his pockets: if he wears a dagger and ratsbane, it must be to do mischief to himself or somebody else: if he intends to do mischief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and testament.

J. Bull. And this is your sorites, you say?— With that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the man, that was first at the door: crowding to get out, they tumbled down stairs; and it is credibly reported some of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

"That any of these rogues," quoth John, "should imagine, I am not as much concerned as they about having my affairs in a settled condition,

tion, or that I would wrong my heir for I know not what! Well, Nic. I really cannot but applaud thy diligence; I must own this is really a pretty sort of a trick, but it shan't do thy business for all that."

CHAP. XVIII.

HOW LEWIS BABOON CAME TO VISIT JOHN BULL, AND WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.*

[I think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not written by sir Humphry himself, but by another very able pen of the university of Grub-street.]

JOHN had (by some good instructions given him by sir Roger) got the better of his choleric temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of mind, to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way: he began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politics, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a football,

* Private negociations about Dunkirk. H.

ball, or a match at cricket; for which sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a a most thoughtful countenance; his servant brought him word, that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to speak with him. John had got an impression, that Lewis was so deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: at last he took heart of grace: "Let him come up," quoth he, "it is but sticking to my point, and he can never overreach me."

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of backsword and cudgelplay from my youth, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse, and as fair possessions, as any of my neighbours, though I say it; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my misfortunes are heightened by domestic calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: but, alas! I see but small hopes of that; for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies, to pursue their revenge; formerly I was to be banged, because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. Nic. Frog has used me like a scoundrel, you are a gentleman,

a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands, to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, master Baboon, as to your usage of your neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it suffice at present, that you have been met with; you have been rolling a great stone up hill all your life, and at last it has come tumbling down, till it is like to crush you to pieces: plain dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib, and when you speak truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I shall trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity among us tradesmen, but interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. The trust I give is in short this; I must have something in hand, before I make the bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To show you I deal fairly, name your something.

J. Bull. I need not tell you, old boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon. Ecclesdown castle,* I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

* Dunkirk.

J. Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Ecclesdown castle, you say?

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single stone of Ecclesdown castle, to m'own self, speedily?

L. Baboon. When you please; what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy equivocals and mentals in this case?

L. Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; seeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talkest to the purpose; let us shake hands, old boy. Let me ask thee one question more: What hast thou to do, to meddle with the affairs of my family? to dispose of my estate, old boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the affairs of lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that.

L. Baboon. And my interest was concerned in the other: but let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a master Bull, or you a lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I must have security, that I shall carry my broad cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall: Ecclesdown castle! Ecclesdown! remember that: why would'st thou not take it, when it was offered thee some years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon.

L. BABOON. How could monsieur Bull be so grossly abused by downright nonsense? they that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at present.

J. BULL. But what say'st thou as to the esquire, Nic. Frog, and the rest of the tradesmen? I must take care of them.

L. BABOON. Thou hast but small obligations to Nic. to my certain knowledge: he has not used thee like a gentleman.

J. BULL. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony; he is clownish, as a man may say: belching and calling of names have been allowed him, time out of mind, by prescription: but, however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

L. BABOON. All matters that relate to him, and the rest of the plaintiffs in this lawsuit, I will refer to your justice.

CHAP. XIX.

NIC. FROG'S LETTER TO JOHN BULL; WHEREIN HE ENDEAVOURS TO VINDICATE ALL HIS CONDUCT, WITH RELATION TO JOHN BULL AND THE LAW-SUIT.

NIC. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone

unturned to recover his bubble: among other artifices, he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

"DEAR FRIEND,*

"WHEN I considered the late ill usage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it was that could provoke you to it, but upon a narrow inspection into my conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a concern for your interest. You no sooner set this composition afoot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very wishes; and the affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater concerns of esquire South, and the other poor creatures embarked in the same common cause, whose safety touches me to the quick. You seemed a little jealous, that I had dealt unfairly with you in money-matters, till it appeared by your own accounts, that there was something due to me upon the balance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a demonstration, you began to complain, as if I had been familiar with your reputation; when it is well known, not only I, but the meanest servants in my family, talk of you with the utmost respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your servants and tenants to be dutiful: not that I any way meddle in your domestic affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your servants express their great concern for you, in a manner that is not so very polite, you

* Substance of the States letter. H.

ought

ought to impute it to their extraordinary zeal, which deserves a reward rather than a reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of success at the Salutation, since I am not master of the passions and interests of other folks. I have beggared myself with this lawsuit, undertaken merely in complaisance to you; and if you would have had but a little patience, I had still greater things in reserve, that I intended to have done for you. I hope, what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable jealousies, and that we may have no more meetings at the Salutation, spending our time and money to no purpose. My concern for your welfare and prosperity almost makes me mad. You may be assured I will continue to be

Your affectionate friend and servant,
NIC. FROG."

John received this with a good deal of *sang froid: transeat*, quoth John, *cum cæteris erroribus.* He was now at his ease; he saw he could now make a very good bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks. "My shirt," quoth he, "is near me, but my skin is nearer; while I take care of the welfare of other folks, nobody can blame me to apply a little balsam to my own sores. It's a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do his own business; a man has such a tender concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is something better, I trow, than for John Bull to be standing in the market, like a great dray-horse, with Frog's paws upon his head.—What will you give me for this beast?—Serviteur

Nic. Frog, you may kiss my backside if you please. Though John Bull has not read your Aristotles, Platoes, and Machiavels, he can see as far into a millstone as another." With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his sides.

CHAP. XX.

THE DISCOURSE * THAT PASSED BETWEEN NIC. FROG AND ESQUIRE SOUTH, WHICH JOHN BULL OVERHEARD.

JOHN thought every minute a year, till he got into Ecclesdown castle; he repairs to the Salutation, with a design to break the matter gently to his partners; before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the esquire in a very pleasant conference.

Esq. South. O the ingratitude and injustice of mankind! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me! that the family of the Souths, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue should be compelled to his duty.

* Negociation between the emperor and the Dutch, for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders. H.

Esq.

Esq. South. That he should prefer his scandalous pelf, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his vails. It's strange he should prefer Philip Baboon's custom to esquire South's.

Esq. South. As you say, that my clothier, that is to get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession; did you ever know any man's tradesmen serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq. South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, Nic., and I will be revenged.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your honour's part, considering how good and gentle a master you are.

Esq. South. True, Nic., but few are sensible of merit in this world: it is a great comfort to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world should forsake you, be assured Nic. Frog never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

Esq. South. Let me kiss thee, dear Nic. I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

NIC. FROG. If it were possible, your honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest.

ESQ. SOUTH. Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

NIC. FROG. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; besides, it will make Bull as mad as the devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

ESQ. SOUTH. Say no more, it shall be done, Nic. to thy heart's content.

John all this while was listening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his sleeve at the pride and simplicity of the esquire, and the sly roguery of his friend Nic. Then of a sudden bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawl'd out aloud, "No composition, Long live esquire South and the law!" As John was going to proceed, some roared, some stamped with their feet, others stopped their ears with their fingers.

Nay, gentlemen, quoth John, if you will but stop proceeding a while, you shall judge yourselves whether Lewis's * proposals are reasonable.

ALL. Very fine indeed, stop proceeding and so lose a term.

J. BULL. Not so neither, we have something

* Proposals for cessation of arms, and delivery of Dunkirk. H.

by

by way of advance, he will put us in possession of his manor and castle of Ecclesdown.

NIC. FROG. What dost thou talk of us, thou meanest thyself.

J. BULL. When Frog took possession of any thing, it was always said to be for us, and why may not John Bull be us, as well as Nic. Frog was us? I hope John Bull is no more confined to singularity than Nic. Frog; or, take it so, the constant doctrine, that thou hast preached up for many years, was, That Thou and I are One; and why must we be supposed Two in this case, that were always One before? It's impossible that Thou and I can fall out, Nic.; we must trust one another; I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

NIC. FROG. That principle is true in the main, but there is some specialty in this case, that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

J. BULL. Those are your jealousies, that the common enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warned me of those rogues, Nic., that would make us mistrustful of one another?

NIC. FROG. This Ecclesdown castle is only a bone of contention.

J. BULL. It depends upon you to make it so, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

NIC. FROG. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expenses of reparations and servants? I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire.

J. BULL. You are a great man, Nic., but in

my circumstances, I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

NIC. FROG. And you are really so silly, as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

J. BULL. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I stand and fall by that, I am resolved to put him to it.

NIC. FROG. And so relinquish the hopefullest cause in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever.

J. BULL. Wilt thou purchase it, Nic.? thou shalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

NIC. FROG. If thou would'st but moderate that hasty impatient temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that. What shouldst thou think to find old Lewis turned out of his paternal estates, and the mansion-house of Claypool?* Would not that do thy heart good, to see thy old friend Nic. Frog, lord Claypool?* that thou and thy wife and children should walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we should have a country dance.

J. BULL. I love to be plain. I'd as lieve see myself in Ecclesdown castle, as thee in Claypool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his sincerity: if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.

* Claypool; Paris; *Lutetia.* H.

CHAP. XXI.

THE REST OF NIC'S FETCHES TO KEEP JOHN OUT OF ECCLESDOWN CASTLE.*

WHEN Nic. could not dissuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition, if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this lawsuit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he saw that John was still inexorable, he pulled out a case-knife, with which he used to snick and snee, and threaten to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his wind-pipe with a most determined threatening air. "What signifies life," quoth he, "in this languishing condition! It will be some pleasure, that my friends will revenge my death upon this barbarous man, that has been the cause of it." All this while John looked sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the knife, nor stop his blow, trusting to the tenderness Nic. had for his own person: when he perceived, that John was

* Attempts to hinder the cessation, and taking possession of Dunkirk. H.

im-

immoveable in his purpose, he applied himself to Lewis.

"Art thou," quoth he, "turned bubble in thy old age, from being a sharper in thy youth? What occasion hast thou to give up Ecclesdown castle to John Bull? his friendship is not worth a rush; give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while. If thou dislikest that proposition, keep it thyself; I'd rather thou should'st have it than he. If thou hearkenest not to my advice, take what follows; esquire South and I will go on with our lawsuit in spite of John Bull's teeth."

L. Baboon. Monsieur Bull has used me like a gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my promise, and trust him for the consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doting fool.——With that, Nic. bounced up with a spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tumblers or ropedancers, and fell foul upon John Bull to snatch the cudgel * he had in his hand, that he might thwack Lewis with it: John held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last 'squire South buckled to, to assist his friend Nick: John hauled on one side, and they two on the other; sometimes they were like to pull John over; then it went all of a sudden again on John's side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco-pipes: the wine and the tobacco were almost trod under foot, till more of the tradesmen, joining with Nic. and the 'squire.

* The Army.

John

John was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty cudgel: which, by the contrary force of two so great powers, broke short in his hands.* Nic. seized the longer end, and with it began to bastinado old Lewis, who had slunk into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. Nic. came up to him with an insolent menacing air, so that the old fellow was forced to skuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dungcart. He called to Nic.: "Thou insolent jackanapes! Time was when thou durst not have used me so: thou now takest me unprovided; but old, and infirm as I am, I shall find a weapon, by and by, to chastise thy impudence."

When John Bull had recovered his breath, he began to parley with Nic.: "Friend Nic. I am glad to find thee so strong, after thy great complaints: really thy motions, Nic., are pretty vigorous for a consumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs, Nic., if it can do thee any service, I freely make over to thee this profitable lawsuit, and I desire all these gentlemen to bear witness to this my act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine has been the charges; I have brought it to bear finely: however, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing: thou shalt have it with all its appurtenances; I ask nothing but leave to go home."

Nic. Frog. The counsel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial; thou shalt be forced to stand the issue: it shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: go home if thou canst; the gates

* The separation of the army. H.

are

are shut, the turnpikes locked, and the roads barricadoed.*

J. Bull. Even these very ways, Nic., that thou toldest me were as open to me as thyself? If I can't pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage through those very grounds, that I have purchased with my own money: however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

[John Bull was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of Ecclesdown, that nothing could vex him. "Nic.," quoth he, "I am just a going to leave thee; cast a kind look upon me at parting."

Nic. looked sour and grum, and would not open his mouth.]

J. Bull. I wish thee all the success that thy heart can desire, and that these honest gentlemen of the long robe may have their belliful of law.

[Nic. could stand it no longer; but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.]

J. Bull. B'uy, b'uy, Nic.; not one poor smile at parting? won't you shake your day-day, Nic.? b'uy Nic.——With that, John marched out of the common road, 'cross the country, to take possession of Ecclesdown.

* Difficulty of the march of part of the army to Dunkirk. H.

CHAP. XXII.

OF THE GREAT JOY THAT JOHN EXPRESSED WHEN HE GOT POSSESSION OF ECCLESDOWN.*

WHEN John had got into his castle, he seemed like Ulysses upon his plank, after he had been well soused in salt water: who (as Homer says) was as glad as a judge going to sit down to dinner, after hearing a long cause upon the bench. I dare say John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two: he skipped from room to room; ran up stairs and down stairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the mason's work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens; he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tript it about and capered, like hailstones bounding from a marble floor. Wine, ale, and october flew about as plentifully as kennel water: then a frolic took John in the head to call up some of Nic. Frog's pensioners, that had been so mutinous in his family.

J. BULL. Are you glad to see your master in Ecclesdown castle?

*Dunkirk. H.

ALL.

ALL. Yes, indeed, sir.

J. BULL. Extremely glad?

ALL. Extremely glad, sir.

J. BULL. Swear to me that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of Hell, if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. BULL. Now hang me, if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals; however, take this bumper of october to your master's health.

Then John got upon the battlements, and, looking over, he called to Nic. Frog:

"How d'ye do, Nic.? D'ye see where I am, Nic.? I hope the cause goes on swimmingly, Nic. When dost thou intend to go to Claypool, Nic.? Wilt thou buy there some high heads of the newest cut for my daughters? How comest thou to go with thy arm tied up? Has old Lewis given thee a rap over thy fingers-ends? Thy weapon was a good one, when I wielded it, but the butt-end remains in my hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods, that I have no time to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy heart good to see what waggon-loads I am preparing for market. If thou wantest any good office of mine, for all that has happened, I will use thee well, Nic. B'uy, Nic."

POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been disputed among the literati of Grub-street whether sir Humphry proceeded any further into the history of John Bull. By diligent inquiry we have found the titles of some chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow:

Chap. I. How John was made angry with the articles of agreement. How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stairs and down stairs, and put himself in a great heat thereby.

Chap. II. How in his passion he was going to cut off sir Roger's head with a cleaver. Of the strange manner of sir Roger's escaping the blow, by laying his head upon the dresser.

Chap. III. How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.

Chap. IV. Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve peace among his neighbours: how he kept a pair of steelyards to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and

and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.

Chap. V. Of false accounts of the weights given in by some of the journeymen: and of the Newmarket tricks that were practised at the steelyards.

Chap. VI. How John's new journeymen brought him other-guise accounts of the steelyards.

Chap. VII. How sir Swain Northy * was, by bleeding, purging, and a steel diet, brought into a consumption; and how John was forced afterward to give him the gold cordial.

Chap. VIII. How Peter Bear † was overfed, and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physic.

Chap. IX. How John pampered esquire South with titbits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.

Chap. X. How the esquire, from a foul feeder, grew dainty: how he longed for mangoes, spices, and Indian birdsnests, &c. and could not sleep but in a chintz bed.

* King of Sweden. H. † Czar of Muscovy. H.

CHAP.

Chap. XI. The esquire turned tradesman; how he sat up a China-shop * over against Nic. Frog.

Chap. XII. How he procured Spanish flies to blister his neighbours, and as a provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravished Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.

Chap. XIII. How Nic. Frog hearing the girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a constable: calling of a constable no preventive of a rape.

Chap. XIV. How John rose out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between esquire South and lord Strutt; how to his great surprise, he found the combatants drinking geneva in a brandy-shop, with Nic.'s favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, so that he was forced to fight his way out.

Chap. XV. How John came with his constable's staff to rescue Nic's daughter, and break the esquire's China-ware.

Chap. XVI. Commentary upon the Spanish proverb, "Time and I against any Two;" or advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in some new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.

* The Ostend Company. H.

Chap. XVII. A discourse of the delightful game of quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game solo in clubs, and was beasted: how John called Lewis for his king, and was afraid that his own partner should have too many tricks: and how the success and skill of quadrille depends upon calling a right king.

PROPOSALS

FOR PRINTING A VERY

CURIOUS DISCOURSE,

ENTITLED

ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ;

OR,

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the press, a curious piece, entitled, Ψευδολογία Πολιτική; or, The Art of Political Lying: consisting of two volumes in quarto.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. That if the author meets with suitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the first volume to the subscribers by Hilary Term next.

II. The price of both volumes will be, to the subscribers, fourteen shillings, seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other seven at the delivery of the second volume.

III. Those that subscribe for six, shall have a seventh *gratis*; which reduces the price to less than six shillings a volume.

IV. That the subscribers shall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the public should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the manuscript.*

* "Arbuthnot has sent me, from Windsor, a pretty *Discourse upon Lying*; and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a Proposal for publishing a curious piece, called, *The Art of Political Lying, in two Volumes*, &c.; and then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets, which they call "*The Works of the Learned.*" Journal to Stella, Oct. 9, 1712.

"The pamphlet of *Political Lying* is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of *John Bull*. It is very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood." Ibid. Dec. 12. N.

THE

ART

OF

POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes some very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and sciences: that at first they consist of scattered theorems and practices, which are handed about among the masters, and only revealed to the *filii artis*, till such time as some great genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful art of Political Lying, which in this last age having been enriched with several new discoveries, ought not to lie any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the Encyclopædia, especially such as serves for a model of education for an able politician. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talents that way, or any new discovery, to com-

municate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention shall be made of them in his work.

The FIRST VOLUME consists of ELEVEN CHAPTERS.

In the first chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the nature of the soul of man, and those qualities which render it susceptible of lies. He supposes the soul to be of the nature of a plano-cylindrical speculum, or looking-glass; that the plain side was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterward wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptrics, must needs represent true objects false, and false objects true: but the cylindrical side being much the larger surface, takes in a greater compass of visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the soul of man depends the whole art and success of political lying. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reason upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondness of the malicious and miraculous. The tendency of the soul toward the malicious, springs from self-love, or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The design of the miraculous proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having established the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his second chapter, to treat of the nature of

of political lying; which he defines to be, "the art of convincing the people of salutary falsehoods, for some good end." He calls it an art, to distinguish from that of telling truth, which does not seem to want art; but then he would have this understood only as to the invention, because there is indeed more art necessary to convince the people of a salutary truth, than a salutary falsehood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are salutary falsehoods, of which he gives a great many instances, both before and after the revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war so long without several of those salutary falsehoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a political lie, in pounds, shillings, and pence. By good, he does not mean that which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the artist, which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile, dulce, et honestum.* He shows you that there are political lies of a mixed nature, which include all the three in different respects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange, the *dulce* and *honestum* at the Westminster end of the town. One man spreads a lie to sell or buy stock to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his party; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his revenge. Having explained the several terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his third chapter, to treat of the lawfulness of political lying; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles, by inquiring into

the several rights, that mankind have to truth. He shows that people have a right to private truth from their neighbours, and economical truth from their own family; that they should not be abused by their wives, children, and servants; but that they have no right at all to political truth; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and possess great estates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author, with great judgment, states the several shares of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their several capacities, dignities, and professions; and shows you, that children have hardly any share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any truth told them. It must be owned, that the author, in this chapter, has some seeming difficulties to answer, and texts of Scripture to explain.

The fourth chapter is wholly employed in this question, "Whether the right of coinage of political lies be wholly in the government?" The author, who is a true friend to English liberty, determines in the negative, and answers all the arguments of the opposite party with great acuteness: that as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading political lies is partly in the people; and their obstinate adherence to this just privilege has been most conspicuous, and shined with great lustre of late years: that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of England to pull down a ministry and government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted right: that

that abundance of political lying is a sure sign of true English liberty: that as ministers do sometimes use tools to support their power, it is but reasonable that the people should employ the same weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In his fifth chapter, he divides political lies into several species and classes, and gives precepts about the inventing, spreading, and propagating the several sorts of them: he begins with the *rumores* and *libelli famosi*, such as concern the reputation of men in power: where he finds fault with the common mistake, that takes notice only of one sort, viz. the detractory or defamatory; whereas in truth there are three sorts, the detractory, the additory, and the translatory. The additory gives to a great man a larger share of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good end or purpose. The detractory, or defamatory is a lie, which takes from a great man the reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the detriment of the public. The translatory is a lie, that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himself more deserving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author to a person, who is in himself less deserving. He gives several instances of very great strokes in all the three kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary, for the good of the public, to bestow the valour and conduct of one man upon another, and that of many to one man: nay even, upon a good occasion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a person that did not command

mand in the action.* The restoring and destroying the public, may be ascribed to persons, who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exercise themselves in the translatory, because the existence of the things themselves being visible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a false author, or a false cause; which is no great presumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the secret springs of things are for the most part unknown.

The author proceeds to give some precepts as to the additory: that when one ascribes any thing to a person, which does not belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the French king present at a pro-

* Major-general Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French, near Wynendale, in the year 1708. He was sent with 6000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army besieging Lisle: count de la Motte came out from Ghent, with near 24,000 men, to intercept them; but major-general Webb disposed his men with such admirable skill, that notwithstanding the vast superiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and disposition, the French were driven back in two or three successive attempts; and, after having lost 6 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may justly be reckoned among the greatest actions of that war: but the duke of Marlborough's secretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to general Cadogan, the duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was so resented by general Webb, that he left the army in disgust: and, coming into England to do himself justice, received the unanimous thanks of the house of Commons, for his eminent services by that great action; which was also acknowledged, in a distinguishing manner, by the king of Prussia, who bestowed on him the order of generosity. H.

testant

testant conventicle; nor, like queen Elizabeth, restore the overplus of taxes to his subjects. One would not bring in the emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying more than their quota. One would not make the same person zealous for a standing army, and public liberty; nor an atheist support the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a scheme of moderation. But, if it is absolutely necessary that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it should not be done at first *in extremo gradu.* For example; they should not make a covetous man give away, all at once, five thousand pounds in a charitable, generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for some good office that was done him thirty years ago: but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a person, who is capable still to do him another. A man, whose personal courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole squadrons before him: but he may be allowed the merit of some squabble, or throwing a bottle at his adversary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known despiser of religion, spend whole days in his closet at his devotion; but you may with safety make him sit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just debt, ought not, all of a sudden,

sudden, to be introduced making restitution of thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has lost his note.

He lays down the same rules in the detractory or defamatory kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the qualities the persons are supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound rules of pseudology, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce heresy; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal, who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he squanders away the nation's money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: you must not affirm he took a bribe, but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his payments: because, though neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted, generous minister, you are not to say, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country: but you may affirm, with some probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to these precepts; for want of which, many of their lies of late have proved abortive or short-lived.

In the sixth chapter he treats of the miraculous; by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect to the people, it is divided into two sorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν or the τὸ θυμοειδὲς, terrifying lies, and animating

mating or encouraging lies; both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν he gives several rules; one of which is, that terrible objects should not be too frequently shown to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary that the people of England should be frighted with the French king and the pretender once a year; but that the bears should be chained up again till that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the raw head and bloody bones upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the animating or encouraging lies, he gives the following rules; that they should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them; and the same lie not obstinately insisted upon: that the promissory or prognosticating lies should not be upon short days, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these rules that well meant but unfortunate lie of the conquest of France, which continued near twenty years together:* but at last, by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the τὸ τερατώδες, or the prodigious, he has little to advise, but that their comets, whales, and dragons should be sizeable; their storms, tempests, and earthquakes, without the reach of a day's journey of a man and horse.

* During the reigns of king William and queen Anne. H.

The

The seventh chapter is wholly taken up in an inquiry, which of the two parties are the greatest artists in political lying. He owns, that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believed; but that they have both very good geniuses among them. He attributes the ill success of either party to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any party, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not savour of that sound judgment the author has shown in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the party should agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months lying afterward. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this scheme. Toward the end of the chapter, he inveighs severely against the folly of parties, in retaining scoundrels, and men of low genius, to retail their lies; such as most of the present news-writers are; who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of pseudology, and not at all qualified for so weighty a trust.

In his next chapter he treats of some extraordinary geniuses, who have appeared of late years, especially in their disposition toward the miraculous. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their country; it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chases, horsecourses,

feats

feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of peaches, pulling out whole sets of teeth to clean, &c. when their country stands in so much need of their assistance.

The eighth chapter is a project for uniting the several smaller corporations of liars into one society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole scheme: what is most remarkable is, that this society ought to consist of the heads of each party: that no lie is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present exigencies, and what sorts of lies are demanded: that in such a corporation there ought to be men of all professions, that τὸ πρέπον, and the τὸ εὐλόγον, that is, decency and probability, may be observed as much as possible: that beside the persons above-mentioned, this society ought to consist of the hopeful geniuses about the town (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the several coffeehouses) travellers, virtuosoes, foxhunters, jockies, attorneys, old seamen and soldiers out of the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea: to this society, so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of lying: that in their outer room, there ought always to attend some persons endowed with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this soil and climate: he thinks a sufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the exchange: these are to circulate what the others coin; for no man spreads a lie with so good a grace as he that believes it: that the rule of the society be, to invent a lie, and sometimes two for every day; in the choice of which, great regard

regard ought to be had to the weather, and the season of the year: your φοβερὰ, or terrifying lies, do mighty well in November and December, but not so well in May and June, unless the easterly winds reign: that it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lie of the day: that the society is to maintain a sufficient number of spies at court, and other places, to furnish hints and topics for invention, and a general correspondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies: that if any one of the society were observed to blush, or look out of countenance, or want a necessary circumstance in telling the lie, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable: beside the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whisperers, constituted of the ablest men of the society. Here the author makes a digression in praise of the whig party, for the right understanding and use of proof-lies. A proof-lie is like a proof-charge for a piece of ordnance, to try a standard credulity. Of such a nature he takes transubstantiation to be in the church of Rome, a proof-article, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest every thing else: therefore the whig party do wisely, to try the credulity of the people sometimes by swingers, that they may be able to judge, to what height they may charge them afterward. Toward the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties against believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious consequences of late; both a wise party, and a wise nation, having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The causes of this he supposes to be, too great a zeal and

and intenseness in the practice of this art, and a vehement heat in mutual conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: that all parties have been subject to this misfortune. The jacobites have been constantly infested with it; but the whigs of late seemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakness. To this chapter the author subjoins a calendar of lies, proper for the several months of the year.

The ninth chapter treats of the celerity and duration of lies. As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible: he gives several instances of lies, that have gone faster than a man can ride post: your terrifying lies travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour: your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says, it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days, to ages; that there are some, which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served.

The tenth chapter treats of the characteristics of lies; how to know, when, where, and by whom, invented. Your Dutch, English, and French ware are amply distinguished from one another; an exchange lie from one coined at the other end of the town: great judgment is to be shown as to

the place where the species is intended to circulate: very low and base coin will serve for Wapping: there are several coffeehouses, that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper phantateustics. The author says he has attained, by study and application, to so great skill in this matter, that, bring him any lie, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The promissory lies of great men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing; and their lies in matter of fact, by immoderate swearing.

He spends the whole eleventh chapter on one simple question, Whether a lie is best contradicted by truth, or by another lie? The author says, that, considering the large extent of the cylindrical surface of the soul, and the great propensity to believe lies in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the properest contradiction to a lie, is another lie. For example; if it should be reported that the pretender was at London, one would not contradict it by saying, he never was in England; but you must prove by eye witnesses, that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about, that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health, and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th

15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not, by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

[The account of the second volume of this excellent treatise is reserved for another time.]

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED BY

The Company exercising the Trade and Mystery

OF

UPHOLDERS,

AGAINST PART OF THE

BILL,

FOR THE BETTER VIEWING, SEARCHING, AND EXAMINING DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c. 1724.*

BEING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of drugs and medicines about town, to use our endeavours against the bill now depending for viewing, &c. In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the said bill.

That the company of upholders are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general, provided they be of such qualities as

* In the year 1724, the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicines without the prescription of a physician; during which this tract was dispersed in the court of requests. H.

we

we require, and administered by such persons, in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence: and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the consumption of the woollen manufacture of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that there has been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens whom we have attended. Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her first burial, having burdened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any further charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope, that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton, in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill, or care, in our company.

We humbly conceive, that the power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians to restrain any of his majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking, what medicines they please, is a manifest encroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.

As the company, exercising the trade and mystery of upholders, have an undisputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the subjects of the kingdom; we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them

of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delays, to the great detriment of our company, and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way, than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are: burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased, who, by certain mechanical motions and powers, are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well ordered government: by want of a due police in this particular, our company have been great sufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preserve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion: to maintain necessitous clergy; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate on Sundays;

to

to feed the great retinue of sober and melancholy men, who appear at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover, we desire it may be remembered, that, by the passing of this bill, the nobility and gentry will have their old coaches lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as it is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of carrying some people to church.

We are afraid, that, by the hardships of this bill, our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.

It is therefore hoped, that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudice of our company and the decay of trade.

That as our company are likely to suffer, in some measure, by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume, that the interest of the several trades and professions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of hearses, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stonecutters, feathermen, and bell-ringers;

and especially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of stuff; who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

TO

To the Right Honourable

THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN

OF THE

City of London.

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE

COLLIERS, COOKS, COOK-MAIDS, BLACKSMITHS, JACKMAKERS, BRASIERS, AND OTHERS,

SHOWETH,

THAT whereas certain *virtuosi* disaffected to the government, and to the trade and prosperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the sunbeams, by the help of certain glasses, to make, produce, and kindle up several new focuses or fires within these his majesty's dominions, and there to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of victuals and provisions, to brew, distil spirits, smelt ore, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the monopoly of this their said invention: We beg leave humbly to represent to your honours,

That such grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, servants, and trades on them depending;

ing; there being nothing left to them, after the said invention, but warming of cellars and dressing of suppers in the winter-time. That the abolishing of so considerable a branch of the coasting trade, as that of the colliers, will destroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the said catoptrical victuallers talk of making use of the moon by night, as of the sun by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of tallowchandlers, and impair a very considerable branch of the revenue, which arises from the tax upon tallow and candles.

That the said catoptrical victuallers do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the sun, which is appointed to rule the day, and not to roast mutton. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom, to confine, forestal, and monopolize the beams of the sun. And whereas the said catoptrical victuallers have undertaken by burning glasses made of ice to roast an ox upon the Thames next winter: we conceive all such practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncertainty and confusion in the dispatch of business: and to those, who by reason of their northern exposition will be still forced to be at the expense of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality, as

is

is inconsistent with common justice: and the same inconveniency will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks and cook-maids to study optics and astronomy, in order to know the due distance of the said focuses or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year; which studies at these years, will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cook-maids, not to say any thing of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of cookery into the hands of astronomers and glassgrinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the health of his majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roasted with sunbeams is extremely unwholesome; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said catoptrical victuallers; forasmuch as the sunbeams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the rectual moisture.

That sunbeams taken inwardly shed a malignant influence upon the brain by their natural tendency toward the moon; and produce madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this inward light, will occasion the growth of quakerism,

quakerism, to the danger of the church; and of poetry, to the danger of the state.

That the influences of the constellations, through which the sun passes, will with his beams be conveyed into the blood; and when the sun is among the horned signs, may produce such a spirit of unchastity, as is dangerous to the honour of your worships families.

That mankind living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these being impregnated with the sunbeams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, &c. for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physicians, that the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said solar cookery, the fricassees being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquire by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, Should it happen, by an eclipse of an extraordinary length, that this city should be deprived of the sunbeams for several months; how will his majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In consideration of these, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the sunbeams for any of the useful purposes of life,

life, or in the ensuing parliament procure a tax to be laid upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings *per* yard square; reserving the sole right and privilege of the catoptrical cookery to the Royal Society, and to the commanders and crews of the bomb-vessels, under the direction of Mr. Whiston for finding out the longitude: who, by reason of the remoteness of their stations, may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg, that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the reverend Mr. Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to look after the heavenly luminaries, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

IT CANNOT RAIN BUT IT POURS,

OR,

LONDON STREWED WITH RARITIES.

BEING

An ACCOUNT of the arrival of a White Bear, at the house of Mr. Ratcliff in Bishopsgate-street: as also of Faustina, the celebrated Italian singing woman; and of the Copper-farthing Dean from Ireland.

AND LASTLY,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted and taken in toils; how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry; 1726.

WE shall begin with a description of Peter the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orsin that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all mankind: nor can

can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accomplished, is most easily interpreted :

When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne break the assiento;
When eagle split shall fly to China,
And christian folks adore Faustina :
Then shall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats shall he achieve ——

The pope is now going to Benevento; the Spaniards have broke their treaty; the emperor trades to china; and Lilly, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the empress Faustina, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident by several tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no register of his christening, his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appears to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawingroom in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity; so far is true, that he endeavoured to kiss the young lady Walpole, who for that reason is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle says, that man is the most mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this

this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court: his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thrust his hand into every body's pocket; to climb over people's heads: and even to make use of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the lord chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the king; from whence some have conjectured, that he is either descended from a grandee of Spain, or the earls of Kingsale in Ireland. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he discovered, what wild beast had nursed him: observing children to ask blessing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought that he is Ulrick's natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the superiority of parts and genius in Peter demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious physician who is intrusted with his education) yet he distinguishes objects by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great

great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound, which expresses wolf. A young lady is a peacock; old women magpies and owls; a beau with a toupee, a monkey; glass, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; a heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw, he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her: the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dam. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep, that were driving to the shambles, of their danger; and upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversation with horses; and going to the Mews to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by, he neighed to the horse at Charing-cross, being as it were surprised to see him so high; he seemed to take it ill, that the horse did not answer him; but I think nobody can undervalue his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresses his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the philosophers may talk of their risibility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it; and

besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkey and birds; witness harlequins, scaramouches, and masqueraders: on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresses by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of simples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the censors of the college in their visitation of apothecaries shops.

I am told, that the new sect of herb-eaters * intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility in the chromatic, inharmonic, and diatonic style; and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person, that ought to decide between Cuzzoni and Faustina.† I can-

* Dr. Cheyne's followers.

† Two rival singers at that time in the Italian operas here. H.

not

not omit his first notion of clothes, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are disaffected people, who say he is a pretender, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute, than those of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an ass to him for finding truffles; his hearing is more perfect, because his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

" Let us pray the creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth by being brought to court has been made a Christian; so such as are at court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the Gospel."

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS,

CONCERNING

THE STRANGE AND DEPLORABLE FRENZY OF

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

An Officer of the Custom-house.

Being an exact Account of all that passed between the said Patient and the Doctor till this present Day; and a full Vindication of himself and his Proceedings from the extravagant Reports of the said Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

——*excludit sanos Helicone poetas*
Democritus. HOR.

First published by J. Morphew, in 1713.

Addison highly disapproved of this bitter satire on Dennis; and Pope was not a little chagrined at this disapprobation; for the narrative was intended to merit the favour of Addison, by defending his Cato; in which seeming defence Addison was far from thinking Pope sincere. Dr. Warton.

The occasion of this piece was a furious critique on Addison's Cato, by Dennis. Dennis, notwithstanding the coarseness of his writing, has shown much acuteness and humour, as well as knowledge of the dramatic rules.

Nothing can show the two characters of Addison and Pope in such different lights, as their conduct upon this occasion. Pope wrote this narrative with a view of ingratiating himself with Addison. Addison alone had some reason to complain, for Pope was a *volunteer*, from motives which were sufficiently obvious. Steele's letter, which he wrote by Addison's order, to Lintot, is so manly and so honourable, that I cannot help giving it a place here.

Mr. Lintot, *Aug.* 4, 1712.

Mr. Addison desired me to tell you he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis, in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's Account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of: but when the papers above-mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in *honour* or *conscience*, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.

I am, Sir,
your very humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

Bowles.

The history of Mr. Dennis is to be seen in Jacob's Lives of the Poets; or in Mr. Pope's Dunciad, among the notes upon which, the curious reader may find some extracts from his writings. The occasion of this narrative sufficiently appears from the doctor's own words. A mistake of Mr. Granger's, in respect to Dr. Case's attending John Dennis in his frenzy, is pointed out in Dr. King's Works, vol. ii. p. 302. N.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself, but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession or honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has passed between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman, with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance, her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow, by inquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the custom-

house, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances, with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. "Alas, sir," says she, "this day fortnight, in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, 'the devil was come.' He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word Cator or Cato, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a witch, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this, I went and laid out a groat for a horseshoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window, when any one knocks, crying out, "'Sdeath! a messenger from the French king! I shall die in the Bastille."

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which, I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding hot. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up three pair of stairs (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his residence on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable friends and physicians, who might attempt his cure) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a grammarian; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "'Sdeath, a Frenchman! I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me?"——"Sir," said I, "here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account." I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment.* His aspect was furious; his eyes were

* After such personalities, ought Pope to complain of Dennis? Ayres, in his life, of Pope, or rather in his *Oratio Panegyrica* of Pope, thinks it a pity, "*that Dennis had not at once joined Pope's party.*" It is curious to think, if he had done so, how differently his

were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved; believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eyebrows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation, when any thing was spoken; insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel nightcap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ankles.

I observed his room was hung with old tapestry, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy, called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words ABSURD, MONSTROUS, EXECRABLE,* were every where

his character might have come down to us; he would, perhaps, have been represented, while he lived as the most consummate critic, and when he died, been honoured by Pope's grateful muse, and remembered in his epitaph. BOWLES.

* Notwithstanding all this, the raillery of old Dennis, on the absurdity of the unities in Cato, is as humorous, as the arguments are incontrovertible. So different are our views, when there is neither party, nor prejudice, nor fashion, concerned. BOWLES.

written

written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay three-farthingsworth of small coal in a Spectator,* and behind the door, huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art; for her master never read in them, but he was either quite moped, or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where else to be found; such as Gibraltar, a comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry; An Essay on Public Spirit. The only one I had any knowledge of, was, a Paradise Lost interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprised to hear the man speak in the following manner:

"Beware, doctor, that it fare not with you as

* If there were nothing more to be seen in Dennis's room, surely such a display must excite commiseration, rather than contempt; yet so early did Pope begin to manifest his ideas of the importance of wealth. Bowles.

with

with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this very manner, to cure the philosopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person whom he supposed a lunatic. Behold, doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism, and beset all around with their own writings. As for me, whom you see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease, than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may further certify you."

I thereupon seated myself upon his bedside, and placing my patient on my right hand, to judge the better in what he affirmed of his legs, felt his pulse.

For it is Hippocrates's maxim, that if the pulse have a dead motion, with some unequal beatings, it is a symptom of a sciatica, or a swelling in the thigh or leg; in which assertion of his, this pulse confirmed me.

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but that some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth, without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Denn. By a criticism.

Dr. A criticism! that's a distemper I never read of in Galen.

Denn. 'Sdeath, sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it: and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you sit so many hours, sir?

Denn. Cato, sir.

Dr. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato.*

Old. Wom. For God's sake, doctor, name not this evil spirit; 'tis the whole cause of his madness: alas, poor master's just falling into his fits!

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z———what fits? A man may well have swellings in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the Remarks.

Dr. The Remarks! what are those?

Denn. 'Sdeath! have you never read my Remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

Mr. Lintot. Z——! I published advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for

* Remarks on Cato, published by Mr. Dennis in 1712. H.

the

the book, as could be done for any book in Christendom.

DR. We do not talk of books, sir; I fear those are the fuel, that feed his delirium; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man: I suppose, sir, you are his apothecary?

GENT. Sir, I am his friend.

DR. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of Celsus, which says, if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted sternutation by hellebore.

GENT. Sir, no such matter: you utterly mistake.

DR. Mistake! am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my nostrums?—— You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of Ratcliff's, which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus solus præscribat,* says Celsus. Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

DENN. 'Sdeath, sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who, like myself, professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings

writings to the judgment of an apothecary? By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, nay, assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions, in my Appius.*

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries? O destruction! perdition! Opera! Opera!† As poetry once raised cities, so, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Dr. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain, 'tis half a cure. Pray, sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing; I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the

* It appears plain enough from this paſſage, and the very *name*, whom Pope really meant by Appius in the Essay on Criticism:

"But *Appius* reddens at each word." Bowles.

† He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas. Warton.

protasis,

protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas, what is become of the drama, the drama?

Old Wom. The dram, sir? Mr. Lintot drank up all the gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently.

Denn. O shameful want! scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy! Z—— no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good sir, be not angry; I'll fetch change.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. Lintot, hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil will buy the Remarks?

[*Here Mr.* Lintot *scratched his head.*]

Dr. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow.——Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and, as you are a friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, while he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says, that if learning be mixed with the brain, that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! Is the man whose whole endeavours are to

to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns, that support them. Am I to be assassinated; and shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?

GENT. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill-treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion, as to the *peripætia*.—Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should conceive you to be a graduate physician; but, by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of a person, I am loath to say quack, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment; I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

THESE were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more; it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to

come immediately with cupping glasses; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects; after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman abovementioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with the cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerousiy wounded me in the scull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that, which wounded my head, to be Gruterus's Lampas Critica: and that, which broke Mr. Lintot's shin, was Scaliger's Poetices. After this Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block that stood by the bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage.—— He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Mr. Verdier's servant, were obliged to

to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and, opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No. —, where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March, 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an Essay on Criticism, just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till, coming to these two lines,

> "Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
> Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last—"

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried out, "By G—d he means me."

That, being in his company on a certain time, when Shakspeare was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakspeare was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakspeare.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which

he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him, and, had not my servant luckily caught him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called Coriolanus, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, he has given out, about Fleet-street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy money.

Thirdly, he told others, that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly, knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Custom-house, and other places adjacent, that I

was

was a foreign spy, employed by the French king to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastille.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my house on Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF A HORRID AND BARBAROUS

REVENGE BY POISON,

ON THE BODY OF

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER;*

WITH A FAITHFUL COPY OF

HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

PUBLISHED BY AN EYEWITNESS.

HISTORY furnishes us with examples of many satirical authors, who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any booksellers, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poisoned

* Mr. Edmund Curll, who raked up whatever he could that might throw the least reflection on Pope; who seemed to think in his literary transactions, that "all was *fish* which came to the net;" who had no other idea than profit, whether it was gained respectably in his profession, or by "helping lame scandal about;"

was

poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr. Edmund Curll on Monday the 26th instant published a satirical piece, entitled Court Poems, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Mr. Gay; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll about settling a titlepage, inviting him at the same time to take a whet together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman with a seeming coolness reprimanded Mr. Curll

was on many accounts obnoxious to Pope. The mode of revenge, however, does as little credit to Pope's philosophy and good sense, as it does to his assumed dignity. Nothing was ever more true than the old English adage, "If you fight with a chimney-sweeper, you will get a smutty face." BOWLES.

The memory of Edmund Curll has been transmitted to posterity with more severe obloquy than he deserved. His demerits were to a considerable degree atoned for by his indefatigable industry in preserving our National Remains. Nor did he publish a single volume, but what, amidst a profusion of base metal, contained some precious ore, some valuable reliques, which future collectors could no where else have found. N.

for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the preface. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor in colour and taste differed not from common sack, yet was it plain by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour change, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Whenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her, that he was bewitched; but he soon let her know that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll," says he, "I fear you have got the vomiting distemper; which I have heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your

"Your author's sack I fear has done my business." "Z—ds," says Mr. Lintot, "my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it: which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot," says he, "I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I survive this, I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul: and in the same instant Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton.* After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being as he said in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his night cap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I

* Pemberton was Lintot's partner. BOWLES.

have

have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications: particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his grace the duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late duke of Ormond; if I have abused the honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the lord Bolingbroke: so that I have preserved that equality and impartiality, which becomes an honest man in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of charity; I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and has not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish against him: therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The French Cato, with the criticisms showing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's (which I wickedly

wickedly ascribed to Madam Dacier) may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of Callipædia, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr. Gildon's Rehearsal, or Bays the younger, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the Trials of Sodomy in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing sir Richard Blackmore's Essays will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted) and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of madam Masceranny.

[*Here* Mr. Pemberton *interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article, about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if* Mr. Lintot *had not interposed, and* Mr. Curll *vomited.*]

[What this poor unfortunare man spoke afterward, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings) that the reader is entreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.]

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's Hall for publishing Rochester's

Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The Case of Impotence was my best support all the last long vacation.

[*In this last paragraph* Mr. Curll's *voice grew more free; for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

For the copies of noblemens' and bishops' Last Wills and Testaments, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation: but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from Doctors Commons, at one shilling a piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Manwaring's Life I ask Mrs. Oldfield's pardon: neither his nor my lord Halifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me: but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words Mr. Oldmixon * entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon," said poor

* John Oldmixon, esq. (dignified in the The Tatler by the name of *Omicron* the unborn poet) author of "Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter to the earl of Oxford about the English Tongue, 1712;" of many poems, and some plays: but his most capital performance was the "Critical History of England." He was all his life a party writer for hire: and after having falsified

poor Mr. Curll, "to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the Court Poems, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another bookseller? Your Protestant Packet might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted, "Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll?" and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and whispered him: "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had several taking titlepages, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a Common Prayer-book,

falsified Daniel's Chronicle in many places, he charged three eminent persons with falsifying lord Clarendon's History, which was disproved by Dr. Atterbury bishop of Rochester, the only survivor of them. He died Ju'y 9, 1742. See the Dunciad, book II. v. 283. H.

Oldmixon, of all historians, was perhaps the most unprincipled: his Critical History of England is full of calumny and falsehood: yet his abuse of the Stuart's recommended him so much to the favour of the court, that he was rewarded with the collectorship of the customs at Bridgewater. BANNISTER.

and

and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprisingly relieved by a plentiful fetid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A

FURTHER ACCOUNT

OF THE MOST

DEPLORABLE CONDITION

OF

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER;

SINCE HIS BEING POISONED ON THE 28TH OF MARCH.

To be published Weekly.

London, printed and sold by all the Publishers, Mercuries, and Hawkers, within the Bills of Mortality. 1716.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's empoisonment by a faithful, though unpolite historian of Grub-street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribbler of a sheet and a half, and the author of a three-penny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit,"

"Wit," "says sir Richard Blackmore,* "proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the ingenious particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call madness. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms, with which the unfortunate Edmund Curll bookseller has been afflicted, ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan tavern in Fleet-street. For though the neck of his retort, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased libel, and refusing two-and-ninepence for sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's a— by violence.

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipt syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository for a radish with bread and butter.

* Essays, vol. ii.

We

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at first she privately put a bill into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a wretched stationer distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true Copy of Mrs. CURLL's Letter to Mr. LINTOT.

"WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

"YOU and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy, with which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was out of himself, till that melancholy day, that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest adversity, that ever befel my poor man, since he lost one testicle at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the stock? unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow: for God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that if we wanted daily books, we wanted daily bread. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's ivory-headed cane upon the counter.——Pray recommend me to your pastrycook, who furnishes you yearly

with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has disobliged ours since his fits came upon him ; — before that, we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his son out of the way, for fear of mischief: so wishing you a merry Easter, I remain your

Most humble servant,

C. CURLL."

" P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o'calf, it is really groundless, for he always binds in sheep."

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a lucid interval, that enabled him to send a general summons to all his authors. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. CURLL's Authors.

" At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half way under the blind arch, ask for the historian.

At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in

in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose.

At a blacksmith's shop in the Friers, a pindaric writer in red stockings.

In the Calendar-mill room at Exeter-change, a composer of meditations.

At the three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parson; he wears a blue camblet coat trimmed with black: my best writer against revealed religion.

At Mr. Summers, a thief-catcher's in Lewkner's lane, the man who wrote against the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

At the Farthing-pye-house in Tooting-fields, the young man who is writing my new pastorals.

At the laundress's, at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitor's alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my Church History;—if his flux be over—you may also speak to the gentleman, who lies by him in the flock bed, my index-maker.

The cook's wife * in Buckingham court; bid her bring along with her the similes, that were lent her for her next new play.

Call at Budge-row for the gentleman, you used to go to in the cockloft; I have taken away the ladder, but his landlady has it in keeping.

I don't much care if you ask at the Mint

* Mrs. Centlivre. H.

for the old beetlebrowed critic, and the purblind poet at the alley over against St. Andrew's, Holborn. But this as you have time."

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of them showed in their behaviour some suspicion of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that showed at once fear and indignation, each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of scorn, solitude, and short commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Lybian leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese; they fight, they hiss, they cackle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke (but without rising from his closestool:)

"Whores and authors must be paid beforehand to put them in good humour; therefore here is half a crown a piece for you to drink your

your own healths, and confusion to Mr. Addison, and all other successful writers.

"Ah gentlemen! what have I not done, what have I not suffered rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations; I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, slaps on the chops; I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, slandered and beshitten.——I hope, gentlemen, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest method of revenge."

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-change gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the index-maker said there was nothing like an index to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

"Resolved, That toward the libelling of the said Pope, there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and ninepence (not including advertisements.)

"Resolved, That Mr. Dennis make an affidavit before Mr. justice Tully, that in Mr. Pope's Homer there are several passages contrary to the established rules of our sublime.

"Resolved, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the popish religion.

"Resolved, That the printing of Homer's Battles at this juncture has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

"Ordered, that Mr. Barnivelt * be invited to be a member of this society, in order to make further discoveries.

"Resolved, That a number of effective *erratas* be raised out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746) and that every gentleman, who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of the society *gratis*.

"Resolved, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and sixpence be distributed among the members of the society for coffee and tobacco, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in coffee-houses.

"Resolved, That toward the further lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be deputed to abuse him at ladies tea-tables, and that in consideration our authors are not well dressed enough, Mr. C—y and Mr. Ke—l be deputed for that service.

* The Key to the Lock, a pamphlet written by Mr. Pope, in which the Rape of the Lock was with great solemnity proved to be a political libel, was published in the name of Esdras Barnivelt, apothecary. H.

Resolved,

"Resolved, That a ballad be made against Mr. Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon, Mr. Gildon,* and Mrs. Centlivre† do prepare and bring in the same.

"Resolved, that above all, some effectual ways and means be found to increase the joint stock of the reputation of this society, which at present is exceeding low, and to give their works the greater currency; whether by raising the denomination of the said works by counterfeit titlepages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this society.

"Resolved, That no member of this society for the future mix stout in his ale in a morning, and that Mr. B——remove from the Hercules and Still.

"Resolved, that all our members (except the cook's wife) be provided with a sufficient quantity of the vivyfying drops, or Byfield's sal volatile.

"Resolved, that sir Richard Blackmore‡ be

* Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, who abused Mr. Pope in several pamphlets and books printed by Curll. See the Dunciad, book I. v. 296. H.

† Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, the "slip-shod Sibyl" in the Dunciad, book III. verse 15, was the wife of Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty, and wrote a song before she was seven years old, and many plays; she wrote also a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it. H.

‡ Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. ii. p. 270, accused Mr. Pope, in very high and sober terms, of prophaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first Psalm. WARBURTON.

There is little doubt but that Pope wrote this travestie. BOWLES.

appointed to endow this society with a large quantity of regular and exalted ferments, in order to enliven their cold sentiments (being his true receipt to make wits)."

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, That in order to drive a pope out of his belly, he should get the mummy of some deceased moderator of the general assembly in Scotland to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote against antichrist; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the liver of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of sir Richard's Essays on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the closestool, and beshit the Essays (which may probably occasion a second edition;) then, without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now G—d damn all folios, quartoes, octavoes, and duodecimoes! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not a beggarly

garly brood of fumbling journeymen; born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on grey pease, bullock's liver, and porters ale?—— Was not the first light you saw, the farthing candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into dirty sheets of brown paper?— And have I not clothed you in double royal, lodged you handsomely on decent shelves, laced your backs with gold, equipped you with splendid titles, and sent you into the world with the names of persons of quality? Must I be always plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheep's clothing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return. Why hold you forth your texts to me, ye paltry sermons?—Why cry ye, at every word to me, ye bawdy poems?—To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the passage-house; for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those, who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with!

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the conduct of the earl of Nottingham.*

* Nothing more disgusting ever issued from those garrets and cellars, which Pope speaks of so contemptuously. If he was so outrageous against the reptiles of the SINKS of literature, he should have shown his own superiority, by disdaining the language and images which could only become those whom he abused. BOWLES.

A STRANGE

A STRANGE BUT TRUE

RELATION

HOW

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

OF FLEET STREET, STATIONER,

Out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into 'Change Alley,

AND WAS

CONVERTED FROM THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

BY CERTAIN EMINENT JEWS:

And how he was circumcised and initiated into their mysteries.

AVARICE (as sir Richard, in the third page of his Essays, has elegantly observed) is an inordinate impulse of the soul, toward the amasing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice, may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorf, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned usurers and stockjobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites

appetites are now become venal, which should be venereal.

In the first place, let us show you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned emperor Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews, as sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the papists?

Did not Themistocles let the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus has it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison has very well observed) though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred rix-dollars, which in our money will amount to two talents and thirty sestertii, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. See Hesiod in his seventh chapter of Feasts and Festivals.

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla the Roman consul shot Alcibiades the senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several bank bills and chequer notes to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied christian burial. Hence comes the proverb *incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one

one modern instance, though well known and often quoted by historians, viz. Echard, Dionysius Halicarnasseus, Virgil, Horace, and others. 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, earrings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony;) all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the stationer should renounce the Christian religion for the mammon of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of stocks?

It having been observed to Mr. Curll by some of his ingenious authors (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion,) what immense sums the Jews had got by bubbles,* &c. he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which subscriptions were raised, and negociated at vast premiums in 'Change alley, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South sea, and not to their splendour, emptiness, and inutility: for it did not become a name of reproach in this case, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble broke. WARTON.

points

points of the Christian faith, which he for some time zealously, and like a good Christian obstinately defended. They promised him Paradise, and many other advantages hereafter, but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to present gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied, for indeed he thought them Roman catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Christianity he called for a pork griskin.

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his griskin, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his godliness was only gain, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely that of avarice.

Upon

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the Apostles creed, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the Nine-and-Thirty Articles for a bull;* but insisted hard upon black-puddings, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his bottomry; upon this he was persuaded out of his Christian name; but he still adhered to black-puddings.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with forty pound subscription in Ram's bubble; for which he was content to give up the four Evangelists, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but black-pudding and circumcision: for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man with a sallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right

* Bulls and bears. He who sells that of which he is not possessed is proverbially said "to sell the skin before he has caught the bear." It was the practice of stock-jobbers, in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring South Sea stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had frequently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in consequence of his bargain: the seller was therefore called a bear, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a bull, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose, the seller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the sum determined by the same computation to the seller. WARTON.

hand he held a large pair of shears, and in his left a red hot searing-iron. At sight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now entreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that unmanly ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promised that he would eat a quarter of paschal lamb with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing, for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains should be void, unless he would submit to bear all the outward and visible signs of Judaism.

Our apostate hearing this stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high-priest take up the cleft stick, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the effluvia, that issued from him, convinced the old Levite and all his assistants, that he needed no present purgation, wherefore without further anointing him he proceeded in his office; when by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which by the levitical law is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of

of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue: and he now remains a most piteous, woful, and miserable sight at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet street; his wife (poor woman) is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

PRAYER.

(To save the Stamp.*)

"KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black-puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of white ones. And that we may avoid such like calamities, may all good and well disposed Christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the heinous sin of avarice, which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, papists, and stock-jobbers. Amen."

* All Forms of Prayer and Thanksgiving, Books of Devotion, &c. being excepted in the statute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet with one halfpenny, and every such paper, being one whole sheet, with a stamp duty of one penny for every copy. H.

THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

MR. POPE.

Many of these "Thoughts" are found, *totidem verbis,* in the various letters. Whether Pope extracted them from the letters, or whether, having before written down the reflections, as circumstances occasioned them, he took an opportunity of *introducing* them in the correspondence, is uncertain.—I think the latter most probable, from his known habits, and the great attention with which the *letters* are composed.

Pope, it is well known, never suffered any thing pointed in conversation to pass, without committing it to paper. This circumstance, perhaps, accounts for these "Thoughts." Those marked with the initials D. A. and T. K. perhaps he had from Dr. Arbuthnot and some other acquaintance less known. The first is in Arbuthnot's Epitaph on Chartres. BOWLES.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY MR. POPE.*

PARTY is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a rasor. Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit to one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands: in unskilful, the most mischievous.

* See Swift's Thoughts on various Subjects, in vol. xiv. p. 163. N.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clockwork; which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others: if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For, as blushing will sometimes make a a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

To

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions: like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad, ridiculous derider of piety: but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees, than to rise to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties: each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming every thing there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

People are scandalized, if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a bustle is there about my head?

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a packsaddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers

Flowers of rhetoric, in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to them who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice, is, many times, only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with followers at court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough left to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy, man who has none may practise it.*

There are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is, like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think, how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal soul!

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise

* The same sentiment occurs in a Letter from Bolingbroke to Swift. N.

thing,

thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours, which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer; is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased with both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry others cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men for the most part are like old chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of time past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland: first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones.

When

When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with the falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them awhile, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gamester, is ever still most used, as their truth is most questioned.

Women, as they are like riddles, in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A man, who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admired the Hesperian fruit, would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife, because he cannot always live chastely, is much like a man, who, finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father;* the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters portions: when any of them marry, there are new divisions and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.†

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should walk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinced, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise man, as far as we know either.

* A family *a commonwealth of malignants!* and son wishing the death of a father! Did Pope, whose filial piety was his most eminent virtue, *wish the death of his mother?* What right had he then to charge such a malignant sentiment on human nature? BOWLES.

† This apothegm might have suited our author, and his knot of admirers; but it is in general less true of English authors than any other. BOWLES.

That

That character in conversation, which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men: a very good woman would but make a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do any.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude, be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never

I never knew any man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.*

Several explanations of casuists, to multiply the catalogue of sins, may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies: the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little or inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lantern, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way: but is never known (according to the Scripture phrase) either to shine forth before men, or to glorify their Father in Heaven.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

* Pope has made this apothegm his own by a little alteration, and saying "he never knew;" like those who tell an *old* story, and make it their own, by saying they *remember* so and so. BOWLES.

The

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company, would lessen, if we reflected, that most people seek companions less to be talked to than to talk.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

Never stay dinner for a clergyman, who is to make a morning visit ere he comes, for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that asks him.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning; the wisdom of God, and the madness of man.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and, while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end so after disappointment.

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

No woman hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

The eye of a critic is often, like a microscope, made

made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough: a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great ministers, or men of parts and business, so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries; and when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

Whatever may be said against a premier or sole minister, the evil of such a one, in an absolute government, may not be great: for it is possible, that almost any minister may be a better man than a king born and bred.

A man coming to the waterside is surrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one makes applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the waterside, no noise is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect!—the picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

A WONDER-

A WONDERFUL PROPHECY.

Taken from the mouth of the spirit of a person, who was barbarously slain by the Mohocks; proving also that the said Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelation; and therefore that this vain and transitory World will shortly be brought to its final Dissolution.

BREATHED FORTH IN THE YEAR 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to London! Woe to Westminster! Woe to Southwark! and, Woe to the inhabitants thereof.

I am loth to say, Woe to the old and new churches, those that are built, and those that are not built!

But Woe to the gates, the streets, and the houses! Woe to the men, the women, and the children! for the Mohocks and the Hawcubites are already come, the time draweth near and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near resemblance between the names of Mohock and Gog, Hawcubite and Magog (though I think there is a great deal even in that) I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but also the things that are not.

The things that are, are the Mohocks and Hawcubites; the things that are not, are Gog and Magog; and yet both the things that are, and

and the things that are not, are one and the same thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the Mohocks and Hawcubites came, Satan came also among them: and where Satan is, there are Gog and Magog also.

They have the mark of the beast in their foreheads, and the beast himself is in their hearts, their teeth are sharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of scorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

[*Here the spirit paused a while, and thus again proceeded.*]

Now listen to what is to come:

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out. Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

Be not dejected—fear not—but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead also, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient whig, the antichrist of St. John, shall lead the van like a young dragon; but he shall be cut piecemeal, and dispossessed.

The dragon upon Bow church, and the grasshopper upon the Royal Exchange, shall meet together upon Stocks market, and shake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! My

time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen, therefore, your repentance, and shorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the south! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Christians! Ah blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog star only shaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it shaketh it as a rod. It is not a sporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea such a tail as may reach, and be told, to all posterity.

I am the porter, that was barbarously slain in Fleet-street: by the Mohocks and Hawcubites, was I slain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils asunder, they sent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretel their destruction.

The time is at hand, when the freethinkers of Great Britain shall be converted to Judaism; and the sultan shall receive the foreskins of Toland and Collins* in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yet, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, those emblems of Gog and Magog at the Guildhall shall fall to the ground, and be broke asunder. With them shall perish the Mohocks and Hawcubites, and the whole world shall perish with them.

[*Here the spirit disappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.*]

* Authors of several books in favour of infidelity. H.

THE COUNTRY POST:

FROM TUESDAY, AUGUST THE TWELFTH, TO THURSDAY, AUGUST THE FOURTEENTH.

[*From the henroost, August the 4th.*]

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us: he made several motions, as if he designed to attack our left wing, which covered our infantry. We were alarmed at his approach, and, upon a general muster of all our forces, the kitchen maid came to our relief; but we were soon convinced that she had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the kite aforesaid; for she twisted off two of our companions necks, and stripped them naked: five of us were also clapped in a close prison, in order to be sold for slaves the next market day.

P. S. The black hen was last night safely delivered of seven young ducks.

[*From the garden, August the 3d.*]

The boars have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie safe in their beds. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks,

to have their noses bored, and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

[*From the great pond, August the* 1*st.*]

Yesterday a large sail of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them: they landed near the barn door, where they foraged with very good success. While they were upon this enterprise, an old turkeycock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and she retired with great precipitation. This afternoon being somewhat rainy, they set sail again, and took several frogs. Just now arrived the parson's wife, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her, in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not: however, two of them were condemned. 'Twas also observed, that she carried off a gosling and three sucking pigs.

[*From the little fort at the end of the garden, August the* 5*th.*]

Last night two young men of this place made a detachment of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two overtures of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already bombarded by the rear-guard of Sarah and Suky, who, fearing these young men were come to beat up their quarters, deserted their necessary posts, which were immediately

diately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed, by reason of several stink-pots, that had been flung there the same morning.

[*From the barleymow near the barn, August the 3d.*]

It was yesterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in the said mow. Upon this, the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved, that the mow should be removed, to prevent the further destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy-nine mice, and three large rats, were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitchforks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse that was close pursued, took shelter under Dolly's petticoats; but, by the vigilance of George Simmons, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep morass, and crushed to death on the spot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was observed to make water under the said mow, as she was going a milking.

[*From the great yard, August the 2d.*]

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red

cock and the pied hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together: he yesterday made her a present of three barleycorns, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same cock, that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

[*From the 'squire's house.*]

On Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were present the parson and the farmer: the parson eat like a farmer and the farmer like a parson: we refer you to the curious in calculations, to decide which eat most.

It is reported, that the minister christened a male child last week, but it wants confirmation.

[*From the justices meeting, August the 7th.*]

This day a jackdaw, well known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to a cage, for crying "Cuckold" to a justice of the quorum; and, the same evening, certain apples, for hissing in a disrespectful manner as they were roasting, were committed to lamb's wool. The same day the said justices caused a pig to be whipped to death, and eat the same, being convicted of squeaking on the 10th of June.

[*From the church, August the 8th.*]

Divine service is continued in our parish as usual,

usual, though we have seldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whose manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

[*From the churchyard, August the 8th.*]

The minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony for the future to be performed, not in his own court, but in the churchyard: where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the grave-stones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey, were spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the singing clerk of this place.

[*Casualties this week.*]

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased. There have died of the falling sickness two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders. Smothered (in onions) seven rabbits. Stifled (in a soldier's breeches) two geese. Of a sore throat, several sheep and calves at the butchers. Starved to death, one bastard child, nursed at the parish charge. Stillborn, in eggs of turkeys, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-six. Drowned, nine

puppies. Of wind in the bowels, five bottles of small beer. I have not yet seen the exact list of the parish-clerk; so that, for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the stocks, only that Dick Adams was set in them last Sunday for swearing.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED IN LONDON, DURING THE GENERAL CONSTERNATION OF ALL RANKS AND DEGREES OF MANKIND, ON TUESDAY. WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY LAST.

ON Tuesday the 13th of October, Mr. Whiston* held his lecture, near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Beside these, there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings apiece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation, lest my veracity should be suspected: which makes me appeal to the men, who were present; of which number I myself was one. Their names are,

Henry Watson, haberdasher.
George Hancock, druggist.
John Lewis, drysalter.
William Jones, cornchandler.
Henry Theobald, watchmaker.
James Peters, draper.
Thomas Floyer, silversmith.
John Wells, brewer.
Samuel Greg, soapboiler.
William Cooley, fishmonger.

* This conscientious and learned divine is well known by his numerous writings, and by the "Memoirs of his own Life," written, by himself, and published in 1749. He died, in his 85th year, Aug. 22, 1752. N.

James

James Harper, hosier.
Robert Tucker, stationer.
George Ford, ironmonger.
Daniel Lynch, apothecary.

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} apprentices.

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience obliged to change the subject matter of his intended discourse. Here he paused, and seemed, for a short space, as it were, lost in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence, he spake as follows:

"Friends and fellow citizens, all speculative science is at an end: the period of all things is at hand; on Friday next this world shall be no more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren; for to morrow morning, five minutes after five, the truth will be evident; in that instant the comet shall appear, of which I have heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence, and prepare your wives, your families, and friends, for the universal change."

At this solemn and dreadful prediction, the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember, that Mr. Whiston himself was in so calm a temper, as to return a shilling apiece to the youths, who

who had been disappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty in charity to warn all men, in two or three hours the news had spread through the city. At first, indeed, our report met with but little credit; it being, by our greatest dealers in stocks, thought only a court artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate; for the South Sea, that very evening, fell five *per cent.*, the India eleven, and all the other funds in proportion. But, at the court end of the town, our attestations were entirely disbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheless the news spread every where, and was the subject matter of all conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiston was sent for to a great lady, who is very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers; but he was not now to be found: and since, at other times, he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business of his soul: but whether it was the lady's faith or inquisitiveness that occasioned her to send, is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a man should be ordered into custody, as a seditious preacher, who is known to be

so

so well affected to the present happy establishment.

It was now I reflected, with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disused family prayers for above five years, and (though it has been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station) I determined within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: but, two or three neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; she reasoning, that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) after the comet had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a visit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for, said he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities; for, were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this set of people) was his only reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded that the prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admonished me against selling my stock at the present low price, which, he said, beyond dispute, must have a rise before Monday, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But

But on Wednesday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiston) the comet appeared: for, at three minutes after five by my own watch, I saw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be seen at five minutes after five; but, as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour, all Cheapside was crowded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought that, through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen, who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about fourscore; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians, and mysteries of state; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which, in the space of three days, came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness, or from unquestionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just idea of our countrymen in general,

neral, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wednesday noon, the belief was universal, that the day of judgment was at hand, insomuch, that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no less than one hundred and twenty three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock: these, it is said, went thither to petition, that a short prayer might be penned, and ordered, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But, as in things of this nature it is necessary that the council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reason, that the churches were not that morning so well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the clergy, with which the freethinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week day) and, with a very large congregation, were disappointed of the service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice, in our absence, we had a piece of fine cambric carried off by a shoplifter: so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular director of the Bank; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to

sir

sir Gilbert Heathcote's* sagacity, that all the fire-offices were required to have a particular eye upon the Bank of England. Let it be recorded to his praise, that in the general hurry this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the tories and jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden run upon the Bank, which happened on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning to make up such an account, as might appear fair, in case he should be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court, that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed too, that he had but few visitors that day; this added so much to his mortification,

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before signalized his care for the Bank when in equal danger, by petitioning against the lord treasurer Godolphin's being removed, as a measure that would destroy the public credit. H.

that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his compting-house; it is said too, that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard, that he complied with it any further, than in giving half a crown apiece to several crazed, and starving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the maids of honour sent to countermand their birthday clothes; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in Pall-mall to buy each of them a Bible, and Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge that they showed a very decent behaviour in the drawing room, and restrained themselves from those innocent freedoms, and little levities, so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birth-day suits were countermanded the next day, that most of the tailors and mantuamakers discharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions, that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable

agreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies both by nature and custom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A west-country gentleman told me, he got a church-lease filled up that morning for the same sum which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner; or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since, upon this very account.

The term being so near, the alarm among the lawyers was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence, by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few state trials of late years. Several attornies demanded the return of fees, that had been given the lawyers: but it was answered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the attorneys' pockets. Our sage and learned judges had great consola-

tion, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years; the barristers rejoiced in that they were not attorneys, and the attorneys felt no less satisfaction, that they were not pettifoggers, scriveners, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the army, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more oaths than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St. James's Park. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of expression, not to intimidate the common soldiers, or give occation to suspect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior officers. A duel was fought the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction: I am apt to believe, that a young officer, who desired his surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till Saturday, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive,

motive, the surgeon himself having assured me, that he had before undergone three severe operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an order issued, that the chaplains of the several regiments should attend their duty; but as they were dispersed about in several parts of England, it was believed, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable physicians by their outward demeanor seemed to be unbelievers; but at the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a pestilential malignancy in the air, occasioned by the comet, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Christian resignation of the people increased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend clergy showed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great charge of souls; and what confirmed in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehension and terror could be distinguished to be greater or less, according to their ranks and degrees in the church.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the court for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the names of particular

persons, to avoid the imputation of slander, so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desired to accept hereof rather as a sketch, than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons, who showed the least joy; except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On Thursday morning there was little or nothing transacted in 'Change-alley; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers, that one cannot affirm the stocks bore any certain price except among the Jews; who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themselves Christians, who offered to buy for time, but as these were people of great distinction, I choose not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice, and infidelity.

The run upon the Bank is too well known to need a particular relation: for it never can be forgotten, that no one person whatever (except the directors themselves, and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a bill all that day into specie; all hands being employed to serve them.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-five, who publickly and solemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their several

several kept mistresses, which was allowed as valid marriages, the priests not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. Brides church in Fleet-street, Mr. Woolston (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour) in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandeville* (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. James's gate; as did also at the Temple church several gentlemen, who frequent coffeehouses near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropped dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the players, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman catholic religion: the same thing was observed of some bawds, and ladies of pleasure.

An Irish gentleman out of pure friendship came to make me a visit, and advised me to hire a boat for the ensuing day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his countrymen had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging, that in the general conflagration, to be upon the water would be the safest place.

There were two lords, and three commoners,

* Bernard de Mandeville, M. D. author of the Fable of the Bees, a book intended to subvert not only religion but virtue, by showing that private vices are public benefits. He died in 1733. N.

who, out of scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual retaining bribe. All the other great pensioners, I was told, had their scruples quieted by a clergyman or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable, that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city, in common charity, gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars, who plied about the church doors; and at a particular church in the city, a wealthy churchwarden with his own hands distributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor, by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts, which he had eaten of at their expense.

Three great ladies, a valet de chambre, two lords, a customhouse officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet (all noted gamesters) came publicly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands; the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar gamesters (though the profession is so general) I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the town, the justice and penitence of the highwaymen, housebreakers, and common pickpockets, was very remarkable.

The directors of our public companies were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a parliamentary inquiry was at hand; yet

so

so great was their presence of mind, that all the Thursday morning was taken up in private transfers, which by malicious people was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both public and private; the churches for this one day were so crowded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the public streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears first began to abate, then lessened every hour, at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness, that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every freethinker and atheist. Great numbers went together to the taverns, bespoke suppers, and broke up whole hogsheads for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy, and rally each other. All the quality

and gentry were perfectly ashamed, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any signs of religion.

But the next day even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lied, they cheated, they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited; but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. Woolston advertised in that very Saturday's Evening Post a new treatise against the miracles of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their pensions the day before, solicited to have them continued: which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.

THE

PRESENT STATE

OF

WIT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

FIRST PRINTED IN MAY 1711.

" Dr. Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published, called '*The State of Wit*,'* giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a whig; yet he speaks very highly of a paper called 'The Examiner;' and says he supposes the author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus one is treated by those impudent dogs!"

Journal to Stella, May 14, 1711.

* The light thrown by this little tract on the various periodical papers of the time when it was written will, we doubt not, be deemed a sufficient reason for having preserved it in this Collection. It is somewhat remarkable, that it was advertised at the end of the original Examiner of May 17, and not at all in the Spectator.—Though published anonymously, from the initials J. G. being placed at the conclusion, and from its singular impartiality, there is great reason to suppose it the production of Mr. Gay. N.

THE PRESENT STATE OF WIT.

SIR, *Westminster, May* 3, 1711.

YOU acquaint me, in your last, that you are still so busy building at ——, that your friends must not hope to see you in town this year; at the same time you desire me, that you may not be quite at a loss in conversation among the *beau monde* next winter, to send you an account of the present state of wit in town; which, without further preface, I shall therefore endeavour to perform, and give you the histories and characters of all our periodical papers, whether monthly, weekly, or diurnal, with the same freedom I used to send you our other town news.

I shall only premise, that as you know I never cared one farthing either for whig or tory; so I shall consider our writers purely as they are such, without any respect to which party they may belong.

Dr. King * has for some time lain down his

* Dr. William King, born in 1663, was educated at Westminster school, and thence elected a student of Christ Church; he was admitted an advocate in Doctors Commons in 1692, and appointed judge of the high court of admiralty in Ireland in 1702. A natural indolence, and a turn for dissipation, having greatly reduced his circumstances, he was indebted to the friendship of Dr. Swift, at the end of the year 1711, for the office of gazetteer; which he enjoyed but a few months; the labour being more than suited his inclinations. He died Dec. 25, 1712. His Original Works, which are remarkable for a peculiar vein of humour, and exquisite raillery, were printed, with Historical Notes and Memoirs of the Author, in 3 volumes, 8vo. 1776. N.

Monthly

Monthly Philosophical Transactions, which, the titlepage informed us at first, were only "to be continued as they sold;"* and though that gentleman has a world of wit, yet, as it lies in one particular way of raillery, the town soon grew weary of his writings; though I cannot but think, that their author deserves a much better fate than to languish out the small remainder of his life in the Fleet prison.

About the same time that the doctor left off writing, one Mr. Ozell† put out his Monthly Amusement, which is still continued; and, as it is generally some French novel or play indifferently translated, is more or less taken notice of as the original piece is more or less agreeable.

As to our weekly papers, the poor Review‡ is quite

* The Monthly Transactions began in January 1708–9; and ended in September 1709. N.

† John Ozell, a voluminous translator; who, having incurred the displeasure of Mr. Pope, was very severely handled by him and his Commentator, in the Dunciad and the notes upon it. Mr. Ozell published hardly any thing original; and his translations are not in much repute. He was auditor-general of the city and bridge accompts, of St. Paul's cathedral, and of St. Thomas's hospital; and is said to have been a very worthy man, and an excellent companion. He died Oct. 15, 1743. N.

‡ This paper was entirely the production of Daniel De Foe, who was equally famous for politics and poetry. He set out in life as a hosier; but in that situation being very unsuccessful, he was induced to apply to his pen for subsistence. He was invited in 1694 to settle at Cadiz, as an agent to the English merchants; which he declined from patriotic motives; and was some time after appointed accomptant to the commissioners of the glass duty. For one of his performances he was condemned to the pillory; and, when exalted above his fellows, he cheerfully underwent the punishment,

quite exhausted, and grown so very contemptible, that though he has provoked all his brothers of the quill round, none of them will enter into controversy with him. This fellow, who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning, is a lively instance of those wits, who, as an ingenious author says, "will endure but one skimming."

The Observator was almost in the same condition; but, since our party struggles have run so high, he is much mended for the better; which is imputed to the charitable assistance of some outlying friends.* These two authors † might, however,

punishment, and wrote "A Hymn to the Pillory," as a defiance to the ministry. He published many books and pamphlets; but is perhaps at present best known by his "History of Robinson Crusoe." He died at Islington, in easy circumstances, and at a very advanced age, April 26, 1731. N.

* John Tutchin was concerned on the side of Monmouth in the time of Charles II.; and, for a political piece which he wrote in favour of him afterward, was sentenced by Jefferies to be whipped through several towns in the West, and handled so severely, that he petitioned James II. to be hanged. When that king died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. The Observator (a title which had before been used by L'Estrange) was resumed by Tutchin, April 1, 1702; and continued by him till 1707; very manfully putting his name to all that he published. Becoming obnoxious to the tories, he was attacked by some unknown persons, who so cruelly beat him, as to occasion an illness which terminated in death. In the last paper which he published, he complains of being a prisoner for a small debt, which he was not able to pay; and that ever since he received the blows on his head, he

† Good portraits of De Foe and Ridpath (who are styled "The British Libellers") were engraved under a head of Steele (in the character

however, have flourished some time longer, had not the controversy been taken up by much abler hands.

The Examiner is a paper which all men, who speak without prejudice, allow to be well written. Though his subject will admit of no great variety, he is continually placing it in so many different lights, and endeavouring to inculcate the same thing by so many beautiful changes of expression, that men who are concerned in no party may read him with pleasure. His way of assuming the question in debate is extremely artful; and his letter to Crassus is, I think, a masterpiece. As these papers are supposed to have

he had been languishing, and his head imposthumated. "Add to this," he says, "an empty purse, sick heart, a numerous family, and being neglected by my friends that I have served; and you need not wonder that my pulse beats low."—Observator, Sept. 20, 1707. He died in three days after, at the age of 44. But his paper was continued by George Ridpath, under the title of "The Observator revived;" and was published for "the advantage of the widow and family of Captain Tutchin."—Ridpath was also author of "The Flying Post," in opposition to "The Postboy" of Abel Roper; two scandalous papers, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so:

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.

Ridpath was committed to Newgate, Sept. 8, 1712, for some scandalous reflections in "The Flying Post;" and it is remarkable, that he and Roper both died on the same day, Nov. 16, 1729. N.

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character of "Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., the British Censor,") as an ornament to a whimsical poem in folio, called "The Three Champions," printed about 1711, a copy of which (perhaps an unique) is among the many curious tracts bequeathed by archbishop Secker to the Lambeth Library. N.

been

been written by several hands, the critics will tell you, that they can discern a difference in their styles and beauties, and pretend to observe, that the first Examiners abound chiefly in wit, the last in humour.

Soon after their first appearance, came out a paper from the other side, called The Whig Examiner,* written with so much fire, and in so excellent a style, as put the tories in no small pain

* Five numbers only of this paper were published under that title, by Mr. Addison and Mr. Arthur Maynwaring: and, from its being laid down to make room for "The Medley," Mr. Oldmixon concludes it to have been principally the work of the latter. Both were published in professed opposition to "The Examiner." At the end of the 25th Medley, May 26, 1712, appeared the following curiosity: "In a few days will be published an improvement of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift's late proposal to the most honourable the lord high treasurer, for correcting, improving, and ascertaining, the English tongue; wherein, beside abundance of other particulars, will be more clearly shown, that to erect an academy of such men, who (by being no Christians) have unhappily prevented their ecclesiastical preferment; or (by being buffoons and scandal-bearers) can never expect the employment of an envoy from those who prefer such services at home, to the doing them no service abroad; and that to give them good pensions, is the true and only method toward the end proposed; in a letter to a gentleman, that mistook the doctor's project." And in the Medley following, stood this advertisement: "Whereas, since my last, there has been published a very ingenious pamphlet, called, 'Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter;' this has prevented the coming out of a pamphlet, entitled, 'Reasons for not correcting, &c.' which was advertised in my paper of Monday last, and was intended to be published by the Thursday following" This was to have been called, "Reasons for not correcting, improving, and ascertaining, the English Tongue at this Time. In a Letter to Dr. Swift." See The Medley, No. 24. Rudely, however, as Dr. Swift was in many instances attacked by Mr. Maynwaring, it must be owned, he was the politest of his opponents. N.

for

for their favourite hero: every one cried, Bickerstaff must be the author; and people were the more confirmed in this opinion upon its being so soon laid down, which seemed to show that it was only written to bind the Examiners to their good behaviour, and was never designed to be a weekly paper. The Examiners therefore have no one to combat with at present, but their friend the Medley; the author of which paper, though he seems to be a man of good sense, and expresses it luckily enough now and then, is, I think, for the most part, perfectly a stranger to fine writing.* I presume I need not tell you, that The Examiner carries much the more sail, as it is supposed to be written by the direction, and under the eye, of some great persons who sit at the helm of affairs, and is consequently looked on as a sort of public notice which way they are steering us. The reputed author is Dr. Swift, with the assistance sometimes of Dr. Atterbury and Mr. Prior.

The Medley is said to be written by Mr. Oldmixon,† and supervised by Mr. Maynwaring,‡ who

* This reflection was certainly intended for Oldmixon, being by no means applicable to Mr. Maynwaring. N.

† Oldmixon concludes the *Whig Examiner* to have been principally the work of Mr. Maynwaring, as it was laid down to make room for the *Medley*. N.

‡ Arthur Maynwaring, esq. born at Ightfield, in Shropshire, 1688, was educated at Shrewsbury, and, in 1705, sent to Christ Church, Oxford, to study the law, which he practised on his settling in London; but, coming early to an estate of about 800l. a year, he exchanged the bar for more pleasurable pursuits. He was from principle a strenuous Nonjuror: but soon relinquished those opinions from conviction. In the latter end of king William's

who perhaps might entirely write those few papers which are so much better than the rest.*

Before I proceed further in the account of our weekly papers, it will be necessary to inform you, that, at the beginning of the winter, to the infinite surprise of all men, Mr. Steele flung up his Tatler; and, instead of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. subscribed himself Richard Steele to the last of those papers, after a handsome compliment to the town, for their kind acceptance of his endeavours to divert them. The chief reason he thought fit to give, for his leaving off writing, was, that, having been so long looked on in all public places and companies as the author of those papers, he found that his most intimate friends and acquaintance were in pain to act or speak before him. The town was very far from being satisfied with this reason; and most people judged the true cause to be, either that he was quite spent, and wanted matter to continue his undertaking any longer, or that he laid it down

liam's reign, he was made a commissioner of the customs, through the interest of the duke of Somerset; and afterward, by lord Godolphin, was appointed auditor of the imprest. He took an active part against Dr. Sacheverell; published some little tracts on that occasion; and was the author of several political pieces, which are specified in his "Life and Posthumous Works," published by Mr. Oldmixon (who had assisted considerably in "The Medley") in 1715. He died Nov. 13, 1712. Mr. Maynwaring's "Medley" was laid down with Dr. Swift's "Examiner;" but both those publications were afterward resumed; the former (under the title of "The Medley and Flying Post") by Ridpath, a Scotchman; the latter by Oldisworth. N.

* This was exactly true. Mr. Oldmixon, in his Life of Mr. Maynwaring, attributes each number of the Medley to its proper writer; and see the Biographia Britannica, art. Maynwaring. N.

as a sort of submission to, or composition with, the government, for some past offences; or, lastly, that he had a mind to vary his shape, and appear again in some new light.

However that were, his disappearing seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity: every one wanted so agreeable an amusement: and the coffeehouses began to be sensible, that the esquire's lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together.

It must indeed be confessed, that never man threw up his pen under stronger temptations to have employed it longer: his reputation was at a greater height than, I believe, ever any living author's was before him. It is reasonable to suppose that his gains were proportionably considerable; every one read him with pleasure and good will; and the tories, in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them. Lastly, it was highly improbable, if he threw off a character the ideas of which were so strongly impressed in every one's mind, however finely he might write in any new form, that he should meet with the same reception.

To give you my own thoughts of this gentleman's writings, I shall in the first place observe, that there is this noble difference between him and all the rest of our polite and gallant authors: the latter have endeavoured to please the age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices, and false notions of things. It would have been a jest some time since, for a man

man to have asserted that any thing witty could be said in praise of a married state; or that devotion and virtue were any way necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town, that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes; but in such a manner, as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth.

Instead of complying with the false sentiments or vicious tastes of the age, either in morality, criticism, or good-breeding, he has boldly assured them, that they were altogether in the wrong, and commanded them, with an authority which perfectly well became him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for virtue and good sense.

It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a very great check to: how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning.

He has indeed rescued it out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the 'Change; accordingly, there is not a lady at

court, nor a banker in Lombard street, who is not verily persuaded, that captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England.

Lastly, his writings have set all our wits and men of letters upon a new way of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before; and though we cannot yet say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm, that every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since.

The vast variety of subjects which he has treated of in so different a manner, and yet all so perfectly well, made the world believe that it was impossible they should all come from the same hand.* This set every one upon guessing who was the 'squire's friend; and most people at first fancied it must be Dr. Swift; but it is now no longer a secret, that his only great and constant assistant was Mr. Addison.

This is that excellent friend to whom Mr. Steele owes so much, and who refuses to have his name set before those pieces which the greatest pens in England would be proud to own. Indeed, they would hardly add to this gentleman's reputation, whose works in Latin and English poetry

* Dr. Felton tells us, "The grave and facetious squire Bickerstaff hath drawn mankind in every dress, and every disguise of nature, in a style ever varying with the humours, fancies, and follies he describes;" that "he hath shown himself a master in every turn of his pen, whether his subject be light or serious;" and, from his having "laid down the rules of common life with so much judgment, in such lively and agreeable language," recommends him as a model of manners and of style. N.

long

long since convinced the world that he was the greatest master in Europe of those two languages.*

I am assured from good hands, that all the visions, and other tracts in that way of writing, with a very great number of the most exquisite pieces of wit and raillery throughout the lucubrations, are entirely of this gentleman's composing; which may in some measure account for that different genius which appears in the winter papers from those of the summer, at which time, as the Examiner often hinted, this friend of Mr. Steele was in Ireland.

Mr. Steele confesses, in his last volume of the Tatler, that he is obliged to Dr. Swift for his Town Shower, and the Description of the Morning; with some other hints received from him in private conversation.

I have also heard, that several of those letters which came as from unknown hands were written by Mr. Henley;† which is an answer to your query,

* "I may recommend Mr. Addison and Mr. Prior, as perfect patterns of true poetic writing. Mr. Addison is more laboured, like his great master Virgil; he hath weighed every word; nor is there any expression, in all his lines, that can be changed for any juster, or more forcible than itself. Mr. Prior enjoys the freest and easiest Muse in the world, and perhaps is the only man who may rival Horace, in an admirable felicity of expression, both in the sublime and familiar way. Like our celebrated Cowley, he hath excelled in all kinds of poetry. In his works we meet an assembly of the Muses. Since the Roman Swan expired, none hath taken bolder and happier flights, or touched the lyre with a more masterly hand; and, since our Chaucer's days, none hath told a merry or heroic tale so well." FELTON.

† Anthony, son of sir Robert Henley, of the Grange, was bred at

query, who those friends are whom Mr. Steele speaks of in his last Tatler.

But to proceed with my account of our other papers. The expiration of Bickerstaff's Lucubrations was attended with much the same consequences as the death of Melibœus's ox in Virgil: as the latter engendered swarms of bees, the former immediately produced whole swarms of little satirical scribblers.

One of these authors called himself the Growler; and assured us, that, to make amends for Mr. Steele's silence, he was resolved to growl at us weekly, as long as we should think fit to give him any encouragement. Another gentleman, with more modesty, called his paper the Whisperer. And a third, to please the ladies, christened his the Telltale.

At the same time came out several Tatlers; each of which, with equal truth and wit, assured us that he was the genuine Isaac Bickerstaff.*

It

at Oxford; where he distinguished himself by an early taste for polite learning, and an intimate acquaintance with the ancient poets; which naturally exciting a congenial spirit, he became no inconsiderable writer. Being on all occasions a zealous asserter of liberty, he was the mover of the address for promoting Mr. Hoadly; and occasionally assisted in some of the whig publications. The 31st number of the Medley, in particular, is by his hand; as are many of the Tatlers, in the fifth volume. He affected a low simplicity in his writings; was remarkably happy in touching the manners and the passions; and died, much lamented, in August, 1711. N.

* Dr. Swift, when he had written his celebrated "Predictions," being at a loss what name to prefix to them, observed a sign over a house where a locksmith dwelt, with Bickerstaff written under it; which being a name somewhat uncommon, he chose to call himself

It may be observed, that when the 'squire laid down his pen, though he could not but foresee that several scribblers would soon snatch it up, which he might, one would think, easily have prevented, he scorned to take any further care about it, but left the field fairly open to any worthy successor. Immediately some of our wits were for forming themselves into a club, headed by one Mr. Harrison, and trying how they could "shoot in this bow of Ulysses;" but soon found that this sort of writing requires so fine and particular a manner of thinking, with so exact a knowledge of the world, as must make them utterly despair of success.

They seemed indeed at first to think, that what was only the garnish of the former Tatlers was that which recommended them, and not those substantial entertainments which they every where abound in.

Accordingly they were continually talking of their maid, nightcap, spectacles, and Charles Lillie. However, there were now and then some faint endeavours at humour, and sparks of wit; which the town, for want of better entertainment, was content to hunt after, through a heap of impertinences: but even those are at present become wholly invisible, and quite swallowed up in the blaze of the Spectator.

himself by it. It was afterward adopted by Mr. Steele, and retained by his successor, Mr. Harrison.—"Upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three Tatlers came out; and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors." Journal to Stella, Jan. 13, 1710-11. N.

You

You may remember I told you before, that one cause assigned for the laying down the Tatler was want of matter; and, indeed, this was the prevailing opinion in town, when we were surprised all at once by a paper called the Spectator, which was promised to be continued every day, and was written in so excellent a style, with so nice a judgment, and such a noble profusion of wit and humour, that it was not difficult to determine it could come from no other hands but those which had penned the Lucubrations.

This immediately alarmed these gentlemen; who (as it is said Mr. Steele phrases it) had "the censorship in commission." They found the new Spectator come on like a torrent, and swept away all before him; they despaired ever to equal him in wit, humour, or learning (which had been their true and certain way of opposing him); and therefore rather chose to fall on the author, and to call out for help to all good christians, by assuring them again and again, that they were the first, original, true, and undisputed Isaac Bickerstaff.

Meanwhile, the Spectator, whom we regard as our shelter from that flood of false wit and impertinence which was breaking in upon us, is in every one's hand, and a constant topic for our morning conversation at tea-tables and coffee-houses. We had at first, indeed, no manner of notion, how a diurnal paper could be continued in the spirit and style of our present Spectators;* but,

* The ablest of our modern writers, who hath himself succeeded so happily in the Rambler, thus characterizes the Spectator: "It comprises precepts of criticism, sallies of invention, descriptions

but, to our no small surprise, we find them still rising upon us, and can only wonder from whence so prodigious a run of wit and learning can proceed; since some of our best judges seem to think that they have hitherto, in general, outshone even the 'squire's first Tatlers. Most people fancy, from their frequency, that they must be composed by a society: I, with all, assign the first place to Mr. Steele and his friend.

I have often thought that the conjunction of those two great geniuses (who seem to stand in a class by themselves, so high above all our other wits) resembles that of two famous statesmen in a late reign, whose characters are very well expressed in their two mottos, PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI;* and OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.† Accordingly the first was continually at work behind the curtain; drew up and prepared all those schemes and designs, which the latter still drove on; and stood out exposed to the world, to receive its praises or censures.

Meantime, all our unbiassed well-wishers to learning are in hopes, that the known temper and prudence of one of these gentlemen, will hinder the other from ever launching out into party, and rendering that wit, which is at pre-

descriptions of life, and lectures of virtue; it employs wit in the cause of truth, and makes elegance subservient to piety: it has now for more than half a century supplied the English nation, in a great measure, with principles of speculation, and rules of practice; and given Addison a claim to be numbered among the benefactors of mankind." N.

* The motto of lord Somers. N.

† That of the earl of Halifax. N.

sent a common good, odious and ungrateful to the better part of the nation.

If this piece of imprudence does not spoil so excellent a paper, I propose to myself the highest satisfaction in reading it with you, over a dish of tea, every morning next winter.

As we have yet had nothing new since the Spectator:* it only remains for me to assure you, that I am Yours, &c. J. G.

P. S. Upon a review of my letter, I find I have quite forgotten the British Apollo;† which might possibly happen from its having of late retreated out of this end of the town into the city; where I am informed, however, that it still recommends itself by deciding wagers at cards, and giving good advice to the shopkeepers and their apprentices.

* "The Spectators are printed in a larger and a smaller volume; so I believe they are going to leave them off; and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written." Journal to Stella, Nov. 2, 1712.—We fear there was (to say the best of it) some prejudice in this prediction. A similar reflection is thrown out on the Tatler, in p. 465. N.

† "The British Apollo, or Curious Amusements for the Ingenious; to which are added the most material Occurrences foreign and domestic. Performed by a Society of Gentlemen." This paper, which was published twice a week, began Feb. 13, 1708; and was continued on that plan till March 26, 1711, when three folio volumes were completed: after that time, it got into a fresh channel, and sunk into obscurity. N.

END OF VOL. XVIII.

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